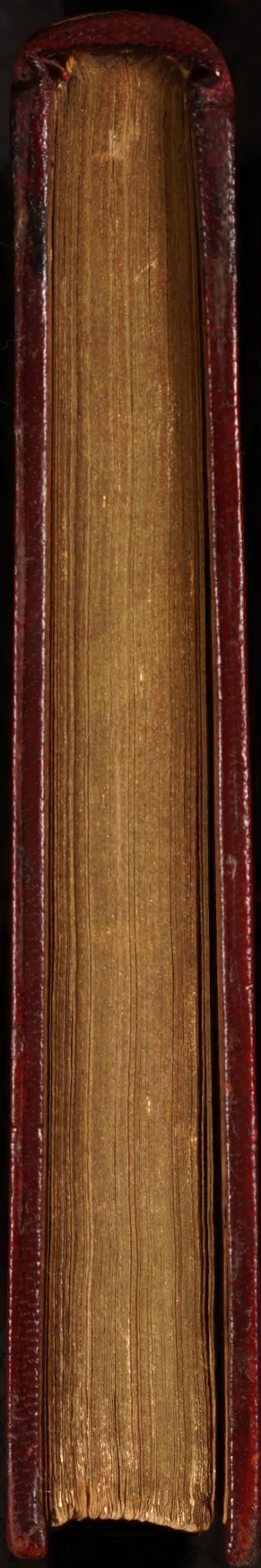


SOMETHING

CONCERNING

NOBODY









GUILD OF WOMEN-SINNERS



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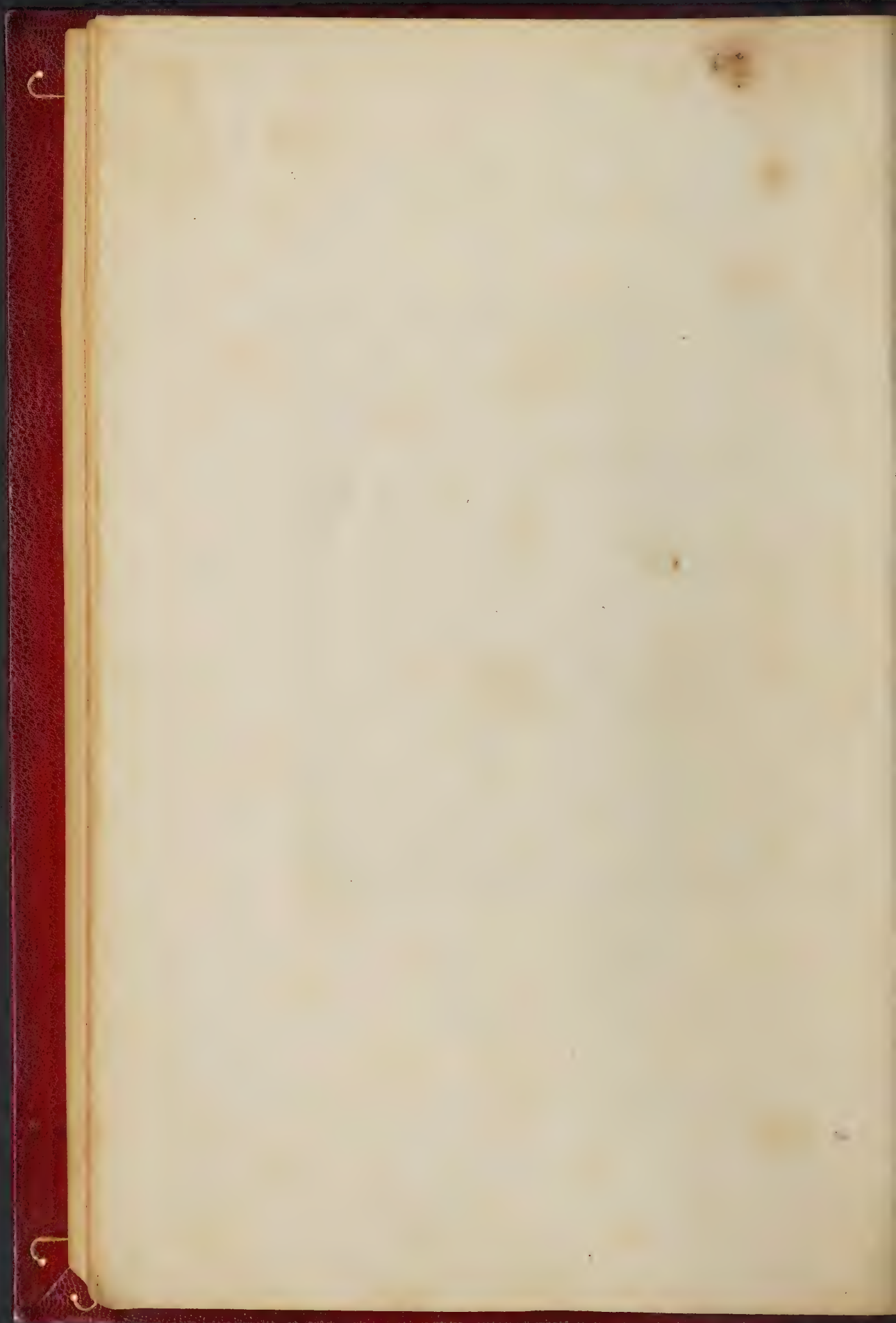


Nº 1

EX NIHILO NIHIL FIT.



*Since Nothing is with Nothing fraught
Then Nobody must spring from naught.*



SOMETHING

CONCERNING

N O B O D Y.

EDITED BY SOMEBODY.

EMBELLISHED WITH
FOURTEEN CHARACTERISTIC ETCHINGS.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR ROBERT SCHOLEY,
46, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1814.

1817

THE

OF

1817

W. Flint, Printer, Old Bailey, London.

DEDICATION,

WITHOUT PERMISSION,

TO THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE

NOBODY.

MOST RENOWNED HERO,

As it would have been the height of imprudence in me to think of approaching a personage possessing such universal empire as yourself, I have, with all humility, ventured to lay the present volume at your feet, without any previous intimation on the subject ; a licence which I conceive the more pardonable upon my part, since you have tacitly permitted me to pro-

ceed in this career of literature, although constantly at my elbow, without once thinking fit to interpose your authority in opposition to my lucubrations.

Unlike poets of the present day, who make a point of affixing a dedication to every canto, in honour of some distinguished individual possessing the power to help off editions that blazon forth his own consequence; I, on the contrary, content myself with courting *Nobody's* applause, whose patronage I can at all times command, heedless of public approbation, the attainment of which must be the result of time.

DEDICATION. vii

In the hope, therefore, that I may
be found, at some future period, not
undeserving the meed of praise,
permit me to subscribe myself,

With all due deference, Sir,

Your most obsequious,

And very humble Servant,

SOMEBODY.

1870
The first of the year
was a very cold one
and the weather was
very disagreeable
The first of the year
was a very cold one
and the weather was
very disagreeable
The first of the year
was a very cold one
and the weather was
very disagreeable

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE

TO

THE READER.

I AM rather of opinion, that the casual observer, on learning the name of my hero, will be led at the first glance to regard him with indifference, if not contempt; yet upon mature deliberation he will be found of more real consequence than has hitherto been attached to his character.

It is perfectly well known that every son of Cambria prides him-

self upon the remoteness of his ancestry: but all such puny hunters after heraldic honours rank but as mushrooms of yesterday when placed in competition with the renowned Mr. *Nobody*; whose existence was not only anterior to Adam's wearing green incomprehensibles, but even before the sun, moon, or stars moved in the realms of endless space.

As to the conception and precise spot of his birth, philosophers and historians are much divided in opinion; a circumstance easily accounted for, when the only authority to which we can with safety refer, is *The Chronicle of Chaos*; a volume so

vast and intricate, that few heads can even think upon the subject without becoming moon-struck ; or, to speak more comprehensively, bereft of their wits.

Having, however, for a series of years, made *Nobody* my associate ; since I found that *Everybody* was alike on the score of folly, vice, and depravity ; I may assuredly arrogate to myself a more intimate knowledge of this gentleman, than any sage, either ancient or modern, who may have thought fit to bother his brains upon the subject.

The first mention of *Nobody* which I can find is to be seen in the elabo-

rate and profound Institutes of the right venerable father and friend of *Doctor Subtilis Duns Scotus*, Doctor Dennis O'Dunderum, who, in volume 552, folio 4386, cap. 299, expressly informs us, that *Nobody* being of a different essence from *Somebody*, could not have been begotten on *matter*; whereas that most renowned churchman, Doctor Brady O'Blunder'em, in his expositions, offers arguments in direct refutation of such opinion, expressly stating that the birth of *Nobody* must have been the result of *Somebody*; but of what nature such *body* was, he does not pretend to determine; thereby leaving the matter just as he found it: and of later date, on referring to

the Compendium of Doctor Wiggins Wig-all, published in folio, Basil edition, vol. 192, page 1379, beginning at line 106, it will be found that he adduces the same string of arguments as Doctor O'Blunder'em, after which he concludes by very gravely informing his readers that this creative *Somebody* could be no other than Chaos herself; but how, or by what means the accouchement was effected, further deponent saith not.

To wade through the dull mass of inconsistency which has been published on this topic would become irksome to those erudite minds for which the present work is principally intended: wherefore I shall, without further comment or circumlocution,

present to the world of literature the result of my labours : which will, without doubt, prove at once conclusive, and set all future ideas of a controversial tendency at rest.

By referring to the exploits of *Nobody*, it plainly appears that he was, and is equally prone to error as we grosser mortals of terrestrial frame : from this I consequently infer that *matter*, not of the purest nature must have been instigatory to the formation and delivery of his wonderful mightiness : and to prove that *Nobody* did *bonâ fide* issue from *Somebody*, I adduce this truly *fundamental* and demonstrative argument,—that *wind*, which is perceptible to no optics, save and except

those of the pig, is every moment we exist produced by *Somebody*: it is true that if the eyes are spared a view of this aërial messenger, not so the olfactory nerves, which are uniformly saluted by this sprite.

Having now brought matters to a conclusive bearing, I trust that no schoolman will have the hardihood to dispute my assertion, when I most solemnly aver that *Nobody* is the genuine issue of *Satan's fright* when he was tumbling, or to use the impressive words of Milton:—

“Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
To share eternal torments in the burning gulph
below.”

TO THE HONORABLE
MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
THE PETITION OF THE
MAYOR, ALDERMEN, AND COUNCILLORS
OF THE CITY OF LONDON
SHUNTHETH

THAT BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT
IN THAT behalf made, bearing
date the first day of June
in the first year of the said
late King Henry the eighth
the said Mayor, Aldermen, and
Councillors of the said City
of London, did petition
your said Majesty, that
they might have leave
to send their petition
unto your said Majesty
in this behalf made

And your said Majesty
did give order, that
the said petition
should be read
in your said Majesty's
Council

SOMETHING

CONCERNING

Nobody,

&c.

Nobody's Maturity, without Minority.

UNLIKE frail mortals of this world, who within the circumscribed space of sixty years, pass from infancy to driv'ling dotage, during which eventful pilgrimage, after taking into consideration all the drawbacks attendant upon childhood, disease, old age, and lastly death's true counterfeit, *sleep*; poor sublunary man cannot be truly said to enjoy twenty

summers of existence: Unlike us paragons of creation, I say, was and still continues renowned Mr. *Nobody*; being from the first to the present moment, precisely what he is, in mind, in form, and feature; the great, though small, the circumscribed, though universal *No-body*. Yes, unlike all other heroes, ancient as well as modern, he required no mother's milk, or nurse's care to shield and protect his infancy; no surly pedagogue, with birchen sceptre, to inoculate the breech for learning.

Whipping, that's virtue's governess,
Tut'ress of arts and sciences,
That mends the gross mistakes of nature,
And puts new life into dull matter.

No college education to teach him inebriety and wh—m; in fine he was himself *à priori*, and will so continue *ad infinitum*.

Abase then your heads, ye monarchs, princes, and nobles; shrink into nothingness, created man, for *Nobody* defies you; he jeers at imperial ambition, at princely depravity, ingratitude, and sensuality; at profligate nobleness; hypocritical and uncharitable lawn sleeves; sycophantic and brib'd dispensers of justice, and folly universal.

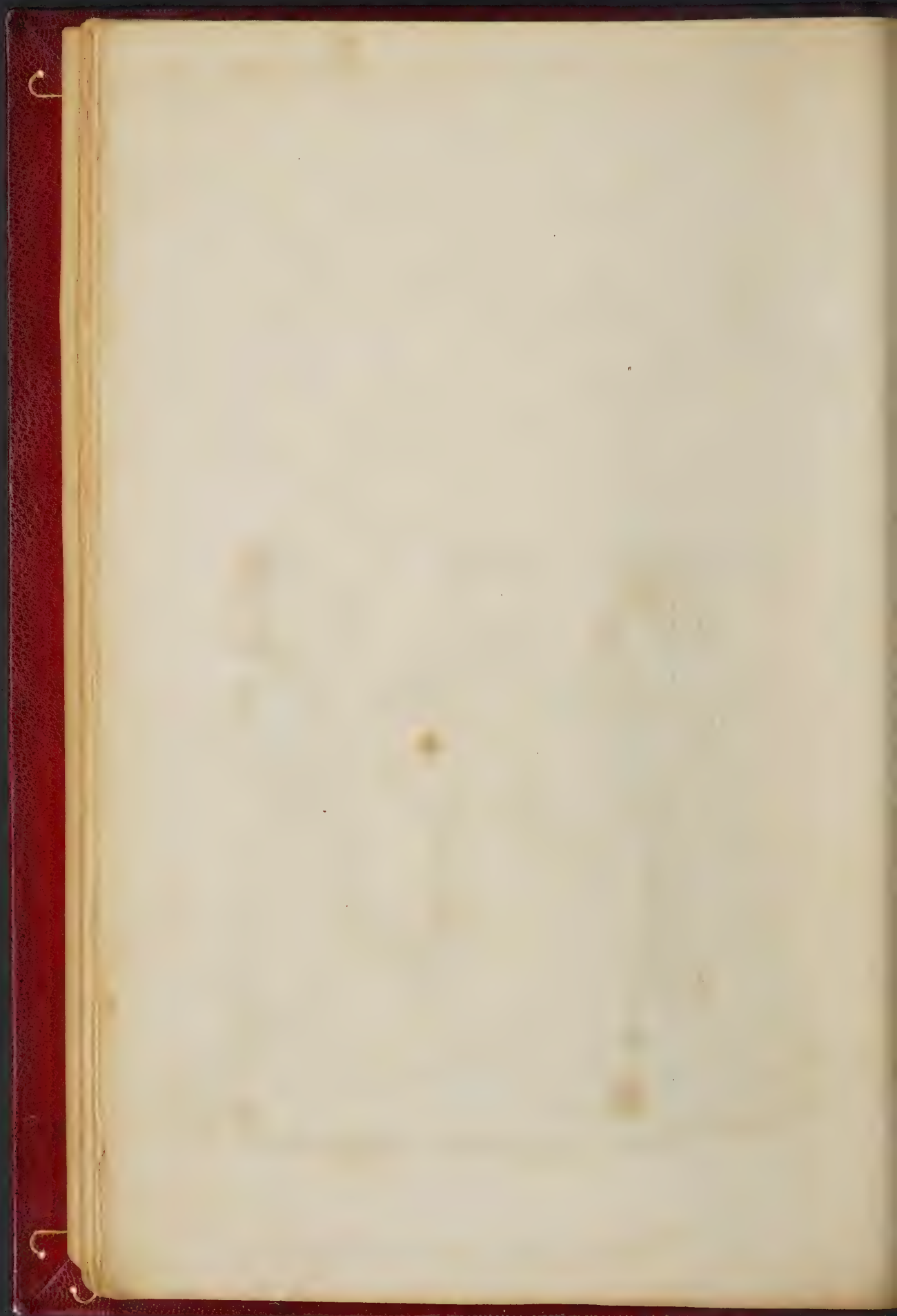
My hero has no thirst for sway, since his region is universality; and as for his depravity, it injures no one, no not even himself: he never has had bosom friends to drain in adversity, and turn his back upon in prosperity; nor young mistresses to abandon, nor old ones to create a sickly but lustful appetite; nor parasites to honour with a crown of *horns*, pimps to their own disgrace.

He never emulates nobles, by begging his bosom friends at the gaming-table; debauching their wives, daughters, or sisters, swindling his trades-people; or living perhaps a willing pander to his wife's prostitution: he cares not for the dronish big-wig, preying like a black slug upon the tenth of every poor man's earnings, who when distressed, receives nothing but the slime of cant to save him from starvation: he looks askance upon those legal harpies, who have hoodwinked justice with preferment, gagged her with *ex officio*, and finally enchained her by shamelessly violating the birth-right of their countrymen; while last, though not least to be envied, he defies John Doe and Richard Roe, combined against him, being *uniformly returned, non est inventus*.

As for folly, taken in the aggregate, it is



Nobody arrested in his Minority.



beneath Nobody's notice ; for being generally enacted by many performers assembled together, the publicity of the transaction renders it altogether unworthy my hero's notice, who in such case always makes it a point to clap on his *bonnet de nuit*, otherwise night-cap, and instantly falls fast asleep.

C

THE
HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK
FROM
THE
FIRST
SETTLEMENT
TO
THE
PRESENT
TIME
BY
JOHN
ROBERTSON
1850

C

C

NOBODY'S
FIVE SENSES.

SEEING.

Nobody sees it.

THE optics of Mr. Nobody are so capacious and discriminating, that were I to talk of all the wonders he has witnessed from the creation of the world to the present epoch, I should find it a very difficult matter to make a beginning. To enter into particulars, therefore, is utterly impossible, on account of the incalculable number of prodigies he has witnessed ;

the enacting of which was never conceived possible, by the hoodwinked creatures of this terrestrial sphere. The sights seen by our hero are not confined to any particular class of society, but to every rank indiscriminately, from the wearer of imperial purple, even to the houseless pauper who supplicates your charity.

Gracious heaven! what an exposure would be the result of such scenes, if ushered into publicity! the lustre of crowns and sceptres would be tarnished by the publication of crimes abhorrent to human nature; the noble would be debased to the lowest sink of infamy: in short, every living creature would more or less be branded with vices, the commission of which are alone deposited in the bosom of *Nobody*, who has incessantly

been heard to exclaim upon such occasions;

O tempora ! O mores !

Were this the case, it would become apparent as the sun at noon-day, that boasted patriots are the underminers of that very freedom which they appear so strenuously to support; and the vizor thus torn from the front of outward sanctity, would then display the most corrupt and designing heart. Prim matrons would stand forth blazon'd with infamy; and the big, blustering son of Mars dwindle into a Jerry Sneak; in fine, the order of things would be altogether reversed, and vice unblushingly assume the place of virtue.

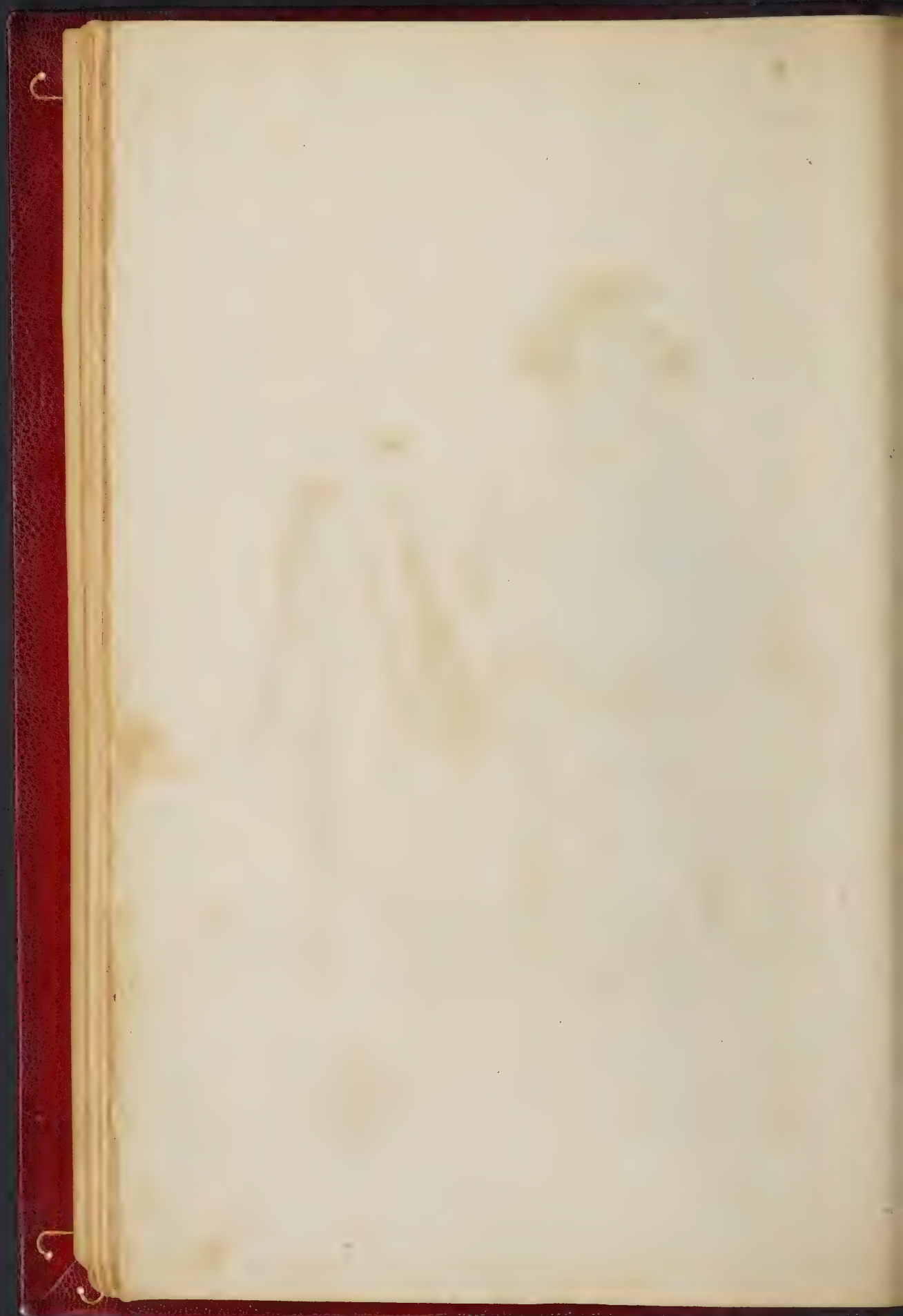
From this statement it must be appa-

rent, that there is no occasion whatsoever to have recourse to the page of antiquity for subject-matter to work upon, since every moment affords sufficient scope for detailing the discoveries made by our hero, who was amusing himself some little time back, by strolling through the chambers of a rector's goodly mansion; when, on approaching the portal of his study, a fluttering sound was heard to issue from within, which chancing to excite the curiosity of our airy wanderer, he, harlequin-like, made a bolt through the key-hole, (having no occasion whatsoever to open the door,) when, wonderful to relate, he beheld my red-nosed divine (who by the bye had a darling rib) in the very act of giving a buss to his maid Margery; who, from the complacency which characterized her blooming phiz, did not seem averse to the naughty salute.

Nº 2



Somebody & Nobody.





Nobody see's it.

Astonishment for a time enchained our *Nobody* to the spot, who with eyes up-raised emphatically cried: "Nobody would believe it!" but this makes good the old saying:

"A parson kissed the fiddler's wife,
And could not sleep for thinking on't."

Now the reader should be made acquainted that the above event took place on the Saturday morning, when Margery entered, broom in hand, to sweep out the Reverend Doctor's study; consequently the ensuing day was the Sabbath, and our hero, having no desire to quit the premises, (for rectors know how to live as well as any folks,) took up his abode in the parson's best powdered caxon, which had been carefully dressed the preceding day by Billy Glib, the village barber.

Our hero having recovered the surprise occasioned by the before-mentioned back-sliding of the divine, remained a snug possessor of the bushy cauliflower until the following day; when, as the sonorous bell announced the hour of service, our rector entering the library, elevated with his finger and thumb this necessary powdered appendage to his dignity; whereon lay, *couchant*, *Nobody*, and carefully placed the same upon the storehouse of his wit, I mean his noddle, which very aptly suited our hero's purpose, as it was shrewdly suspected to contain *nothing*.

The service concluded, our rector with all the characteristic consequence of the cloth, slowly ascended the pulpit stairs; and entering same, after the accustomed act of genuflexion, a couple of hems, a flirt of the white cambric handkerchief,

and one or two pressures of the book then laying open upon the cushion, he forthwith delivered his text in the following words:

“And why wilt thou, my son, be ravished with a strange woman, and embrace the bosom of a stranger?”

Now as *Nobody* is far from deficient on the score of perception, and being possessed of a most retentive memory, he recalled to mind the reverend gentleman's peccadillo, of the preceding morning; when quitting his bepowdered throne, he took a station upon one of the tassels of the velvet cushion, from whence he surveyed with scrutiny the physiognomy of our divine; at the same time not forgetting to cast occasional glances at Margery; who sat as demure as one of the

saints in the time of Nol, listening to her master's effusions of morality.

When, however, the reverend gentleman, on attaining the height of his philippic against all carnal desires, had worked himself up to the loftiest pitch of resentment against all participators in this abominable crime, it so happened that Margery could not refrain from elevating her eyes toward the pastor of the flock, whose glance at the very self-same juncture happened to come in contact with that of his maiden, producing an effect so pointed, that had Anybody been made a participator of *Nobody's* secret, the doctor's fame for extreme rigidity of manners, and the strictest adherence to all those duties which are required of a family man and a divine would have been tarnished for ever.

It is thus with the powerful and lucky delinquent, whose depredations being unsuspected, boldly meets the eye of publicity; while the poor knave, for a trifling offence, writhes under the lash of correction; for the most heinous crime that can be committed in the present moral and enlightened age, is, "Not being able to escape detection."

I was on the point of committing satire's lance, otherwise my pen, into the inkstand; when *Nobody*, with a degree of acrimony which is not his general characteristic, expressed infinite astonishment at my having broken off so abruptly; adding, that while occupied on the topic of reverend men, I had altogether omitted to enrol the *Dissenting*, as well as orthodox champions of the pulpit. I forthwith confessed the oversight; and, in order to

gratify my hero, must candidly confess, that when considered in the aggregate, (for there is no rule without an exception,) *Nobody* sees a much greater degree of cunning, sensuality, uncharitableness, and hypocrisy under the straight-combed head of hair, lank physiognomy, sable habiliments and austere demeanour of these would-be saints, than is to be found in any other class of the community; which affords a convincing proof, that the doctrines of spirituality may be converted to terrestrial purposes; and that a man, when delivering precepts to ensure beatitude hereafter, is at the same time carefully hoarding up mammon, in order that he may be enabled to gratify in retirement, every carnal propensity on this side of futurity.

SMELLING.

Nobody scents it.

MR. Nobody's nose, like that of most other people, is extremely averse to the sniffing any scents that are not congenial to the olfactory nerves. I have known him fly upon the wings of thought, on passing the premises of a soap-boiler, or the grating of a cellar, from whence issue forth the nauseating effluvia of melted tallow; he has also great aversion to a tanyard, and the noxious vapours steaming from a slaughter-house, when the ardency of the sun convinces you that the dog-days are set in.

Sometimes our hero sprite, on returning from an *at home*, *petit souper*, rout, or masquerade, has been no less annoyed by the unfortunate intervention of one of those most necessary ceremonies yclept *weddings*, which uniformly take place at three or four o'clock in the morning, to the infinite discomfiture of the nasal powers.

An apothecary's shop, though not so pestiferous as any of the beforementioned Augean stables, has nevertheless no charm for *Nobody*, who is desirous upon all occasions to keep aloof, rather than come in contact with the *Materia Medica*: to these might be subjoined a long list of filthy smells, otherwise stinks; which from sentiments of pure respect to my reader, I do not think it expedient to insert in the present catalogue.

The mention, however, of one smell of this description, I cannot think of omitting; the receiving of which by the nostrils of Mr. *Nobody's* proboscis, uniformly puts him into the most raging passion, which he would never fail to display, by having recourse to fisty-cuffs, were it not, that he is well aware, *nobody* would feel them: the windy poison here alluded to, is that which is exhaled from the lungs of an individual who, in addition to natural foulness of the breath, has never thought it expedient to become possessed of that most necessary of all implements, a tooth-brush; and whose habits, in other respects, are so diametrically the reverse of cleanliness, that pure water is nearly productive of the same effect upon his mind as on the temperament of the canine species when attacked by the hydrophobia.

We are told that cleanliness is next of kin to godliness; and the celebrated Laurence Sterne asserts, that whenever he was particularly anxious of committing delicate ideas to paper, he always made it a practice to perform an extra ablution, and put on clean linen. In these respects *Nobody* is of the self-same opinion: not that he is ever dirty, or requires a clean shirt, for that is totally out of the question; but because, in the course of his perambulations he is under the necessity of coming in contact with all ranks and descriptions of men, women, and children; wherefore he most cordially chimes in with the abovementioned maxim, declaring that cleanliness is closely allied to godliness.

Thus much for smells in the aggregate, which are obnoxious to the nerves of *No-*

body : let us now take a peep at our hero in a genteel society, where one individual of the company, unmindful of etiquette and the ladies, continues for a period to gratify his personal desires, at the expence of all around him.

Every one must allow that John Bull is a downright honest fellow, and possessed of a very compassionate heart : yet he will nevertheless sometimes assume an appearance which is not of the most prepossessing nature ; but whether this originates in want of thought, or a fixed determination upon his part to act in conformity with his general practice, is a point which I shall not pretend to define.

Routs being now the order of the day, (I would say, morning,) Squire Dobbins was determined to emulate the world of fashion,

and accordingly issued forth cards, inviting a select party to his mansion. Among the company whose attendance was thus solicited, appeared Sir Samuel Plump, knight; who from industry and prudence, had realized a large fortune in trade; and was honoured with his title when alderman of Candlewick ward; at which eventful epoch, he, with several of his sapient brethren, was selected to present an address at St. James's.

Some time previous to the introduction of tea, coffee, and cakes, the countenance of our Knight had undergone a variety of changes, from the placid to the dissatisfied, and afterwards the surly; which was strongly symptomatic of great internal uneasiness, or rankling at the heart. These changes, though quite unheeded by others, did not escape the penetrating

eyes of *Nobody*, who was mightily puzzled to ascertain the cause; when, upon the footman presenting the loaded tea-tray to Sir Samuel, he, in a manner very far from prepossessing, declined taking any of the slip-slop; which was immediately observed by his hostess, and the donor of the entertainment.

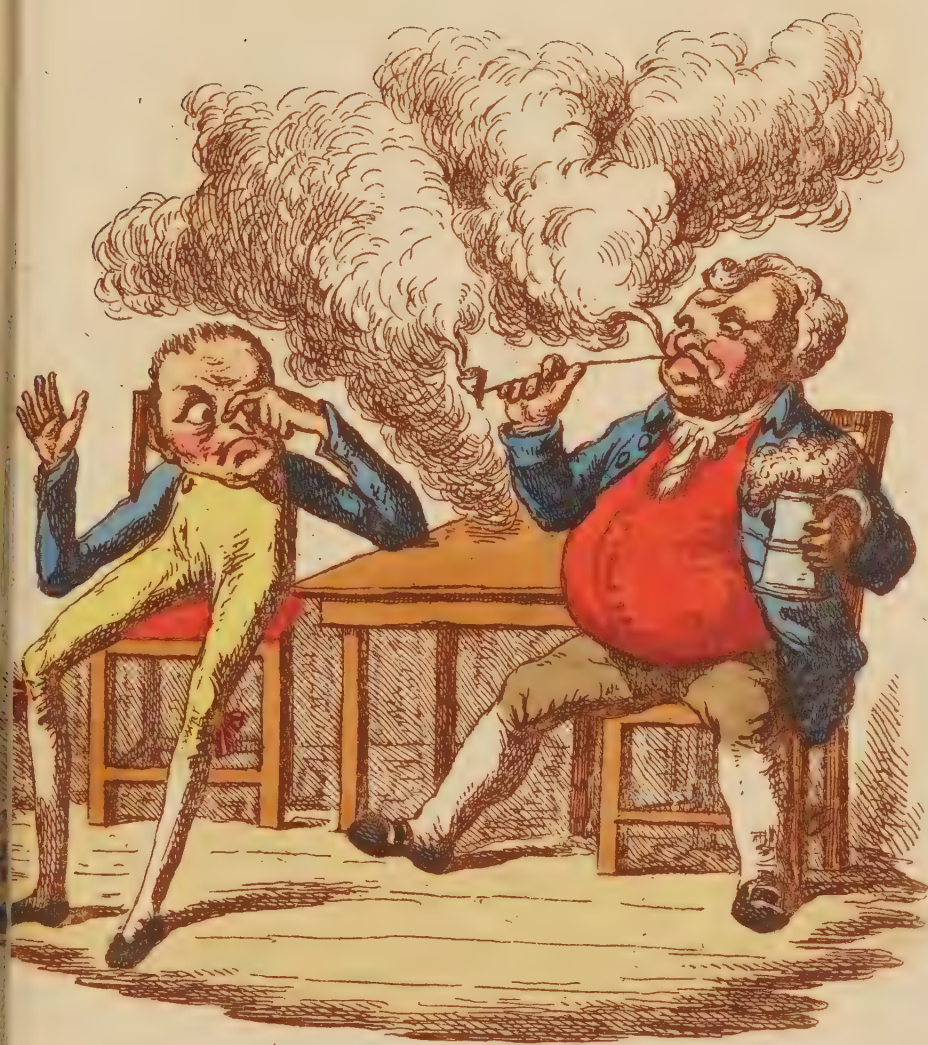
The rules of politeness were instantly resorted to; for Squire Dobbins and his lady, with that *empressement* which denotes good breeding, not only lamented the Knight's aversion to the refreshments prepared; but were extremely urgent in their enquiries as to what he would prefer in *lieu* of the beverage so declined. After infinite pressing, Sir Plump, with a bluntness peculiar to himself, informed the Squire, that if he must speak plain, he never took either tea or coffee, or such

sorts of *pinch-belly* slops; but, on the contrary, contented himself with a tankard of good old stingo, and a pipe: thereto adding, that if he could be so far indulged without annoyance to the company, (and, in his opinion, no smell was like tobacco,) he should be glad to partake of his usual enjoyment; but that if it was disagreeable, *no harm was done.*

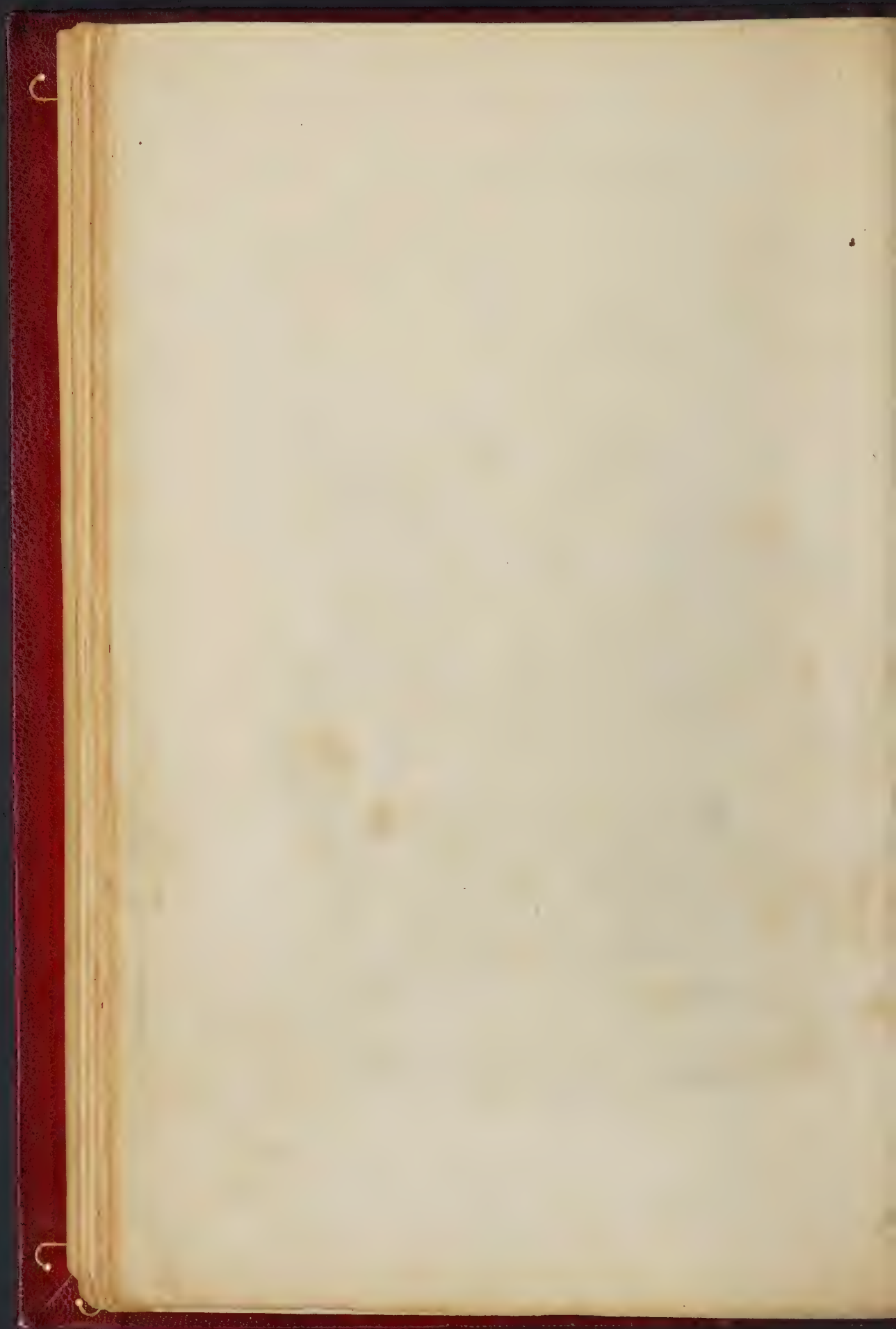
A look of consternation sat upon every brow on the delivery of these words, and upon *Nobody's* in particular, who had a rooted antipathy to the fumes from a pipe: nevertheless what was to be done? Sir Samuel was Squire Dobbins's friend; and after preferring the request, it would have been deemed a direct insult to refuse him. In consequence of this, pipes and tobacco were sent for; which, together with a silver tankard full of frothy ale, and a

lighted candle, were placed before this worthy pupil of Sir Walter Raleigh ; who, by the bye, very richly deserved the fate of the latter, when his servant, (as it is related) on beholding him smoke for the first time, literally believed that he had caught fire, and therefore, in order to quench the destructive element, ran for a pail of water, which he soused over the gallant Raleigh ; who was, in consequence, drenched to the very skin :—but to the purpose :—our Knight, unmindful of the wry faces, and half-uttered expressions of contempt and abhorrence that frequently burst from the lips of the fair sex present, very leisurely proceeded to fill the bowl of his mouth-furnace with Virginia ; and being extremely averse to the consuming a candle, both ends at once, he, as soon as the tobacco was fired, without the least hesitation, blew out the flame of the tallow

luminary; not, however, extinguishing the fire, which still continued burning the wick, from whence issued a volume of smoke that most particularly assailed *Nobody's* nose, who was in a few moments upon the point of suffocation. I need scarcely tell my reader that one of the principal attendants on this puffing gratification is expectorating freely; now Sir Samuel being provided with no other utensil upon this occasion, had recourse to the bars of the polished steel grate, which he continued to bespatter, until the lady of the mansion, no longer able to bear the thoughts of accumulated rust, which must needs follow such a copious ablution on Betty the housemaid's labour, forthwith ordered John the footman to provide the Knight with a bason, which was brought accordingly.



Nobody scents it.



The saloon was now completely clouded with smoke: some were rubbing their eyes; others sneezing, and blowing noses; in all which avocations, *Nobody* was very busily employed, whilst a little peaking old lady, who had long been subject to an asthmatic complaint, was on a sudden seized with a most dreadful fit of coughing; which nevertheless did not disturb the employment of Sir Samuel, who sat with all the cool composure of a stoic, offering up smoky incense to honour the memory of Toby Philpot, of brown jug renown: in short, no frequenter of the Goose and Gridiron in Seven Dials, could possibly take the thing more easy than this worthy guest of the hospitable Squire Dobbins.

Having thus put *Nobody's* sense of smelling completely to the trial, I shall now

terminate the present head, by assuring the public, that no hints, however broad or pointed, were taken by the determined Sir Samuel Plump; who never for one moment ceased his windy occupation, until the Virginia weed was expended, and the tankard completely drained of its contents.

N. B. It may not be improper to state, that Squire Dobbins never intends to forward a second card of invitation to the Knight; being determined that it shall be the first and last time he ever disturbs the conviviality of his entertainments.

TASTING.

*Nobody knows when to leave off at my Lord
Mayor's Feast.*

THE eve was arrived of that ever memorable day in city annals, the glorious ninth of November; every apothecary's shop-boy was in motion; bearing emetics, cathartics, diuretics, &c. &c. in order to cleanse the internal system, and stimulate the appetite, for the glorious gorge on the morrow.

Every alderman already feasted in fancy on the approaching treat; every common-council-man and cit was on the tip-toe of expectation; the medicines performed

their offices *à merveille*; antimony, rhubarb, jalap, and senna, scoured out the intestines, making the growling stomach yearn again for a repletion. So stood the case when the bright eye of morning beamed on my Lord Mayor's day; to whose sumptuous feast, though uninvited, *Nobody* made up his mind to go.

After attending the procession, and witnessing all the gallant show, together with the man in armour, who sat his palfrey in the true style of knight-errantry; not being intoxicated, like the brace of iron-clad heroes, who some time back officiated at the sideboard of a great mansion in Pall Mall: having, as before stated, gone by land and water with the noble procession, Mr. *Nobody*, at the appointed hour, mingling with the great concourse of guttlers invited, entered, at



Nobody knows when to leave off at my Lord Mayor's Feast

length the sumptuous hall of feasting; and took his station between Mr. Deputy Guggle, wine merchant, of *Portsoaken* ward; and Alderman Lard, the renowned carcase-butcher of Leadenhall-market: a momentous pause ensued;

“ Big with the fate of *gorging*, and a *booze* ;”

when, grace being ended, every soup-ladle was momentarily put into requisition; and the brimfull tureens disgorged amain their luscious potions.

Nobody's appetite being extremely slender, he partook sparingly of the mock-turtle; receiving much more amusement from observing his right and left hand neighbours, than administering to his own stomach, or rather *neck*; having, as I said before, *no body*. Our hero at

first imagined, that some conversation would enliven the board ; but in this supposition he was most grievously mistaken ; for, independent of bawling for the waiters, and asking for *more belly timber*, not a syllable was to be heard ;—stuffing alone the order of the day.

After the contents of six brimfull soup-plates had passed successively into the capacious bowels of Messrs. Guggle and Lard ; during the consumption of which, *Nobody* calculated that they had made away with one hundred and seventy-nine forced-meat-balls, not to say one syllable on the score of mock-callipash and cal-lipée, they then proceeded to attack the Madeira wine ; pouring down bumpers to each other's health, when, lo ! the course of fish appeared before them : of these luxuries several piled-up plates were con-

sumed in a trice by this couple of worthies, to the no small astonishment of our hero; who contented himself with a morsel about the size of a bee's knee: the bottle was next resorted to, a second, third, and fourth time by his neighbours; who, notwithstanding what had already passed into the interior of their corporations, seemed still fresh for the attack.

The smoking venison, with meats and poultry of every description, was next spread upon the board; on beholding which, every eye became animated; and the knife and fork exercise was renewed with as much determined fury, as the fam'd Napoleon's army evinces, when fortune seals the fate of the day its own.

To enumerate the several dishes whereof this gracious *duetto* partook, and the

hodge-podge, or amalgama of viands which consequently filled up every chink of the stomach, is a task beyond the writer's capacity to enrol ; as the volume respecting *Nobody* would, in such case, be extended far beyond the limits of *Somebody's*, otherwise the editor's, idea ; wherefore I shall make a finale of the dinner-scene, by informing my readers, that I am enabled to acquaint them, from *Nobody's* notes, penned at the time, that Mr. Deputy Guggle cleared eighteen full plates, and Alderman Lard precisely twenty-one ; which difference in numbers is immediately accounted for, when accession of rank, and the consequent seniority in guttling of the latter, be taken into consideration.

On the removal of the cloth, a desert was spread ; which, in point of quantity and quality, resembled much more the

commencement, than the termination of a feast: at this epoch, however, the eyes of Guggle and Lard imperceptibly closed; for being, as it is technically termed, *chock-full*, they basked for breath; and in this situation precisely resembled Hogarth's glutton in the electioneering feast; who is represented as overgorged, and in the act of being bled in the *sinister* arm: while hand *dexter* continues to grasp a fork, surmounted by an oyster.

After ten minutes repose, *Nobody* found his friends begin to revive; when Hermitage, Old Hock, and Claret, were summoned in turn, for the purpose of easing, if possible, the over-crammed state of the stomach; which was at length partly accomplished; when devilled biscuits were called for, to give new zest to the wine, whereof was swallowed a pro-

portionate quantity to float the enormous mass of solids which was then duly awaiting decomposition, in body's capacious crucible—the stomach.

Thus intoxicated, sick, or stupid, was the major part of our citizens, when the motion of adjournment from Guildhall to the Mansion House *hop* was proposed. *Nobody* having neither beastialized himself with viands or wine, argued most sagely upon the folly of yielding to such disgusting propensities ; and while thus mentally employed, fixing his eyes upon the gigantic statues of Gog and Magog, he could not for the soul of him refrain from giving utterance to the ensuing couplets :

Better be Gog, Magog, I trow,
Than gorg'd, and drunk as David's sow ;
Since Gog, Magog, 'twixt you and me,
Would make far better company.

On entering the splendid ball-room of my Lady Mayoress, what was *Nobody's* surprize on beholding the scene that presented itself to his observation: a crowd of ladies brilliantly attired, was already assembled, anxiously waiting to begin the festive dance, and trip it on the light fantastic toe; whose only chance of amusement however, was, the selection of partners from among the number of these intoxicated heroes of the table. After great squabbling among the fair sex in the procurement of *beaux*, and much bickering between the gentlemen for priority of place, the band at length struck up *Nobody's* favourite air, *the Regency dance*; which was, upon this occasion, transmogrified into a complete *reel*, by the male part of the creation then present.

Our hero, who is always fond of rational gig and fun, endeavoured in the first in-

stance to take a part in the exercise, but all to no purpose; for he was so pushed on the one side, and shoved upon the other, that he very prudently made himself scarce, (no very difficult matter,) leaving with emotions of contempt, this vortex of noise and confusion; when perceiving some very tempting orgeat and sweet cakes, at a side table, thither he bent his course, in order to quench his thirst, and gratify his palate; being remarkably fond of the flavour of such kind of eatables.

Nobody had not long remained indulging himself in this way, when a citizen's wife, who had been what I term a most inveterate dancer; that is to say, not only moving feet and legs, but head, arms, hands, and the whole body corporate at the same time, came suddenly up to the spot where sat our hero. Her physiognomy, which

completely portrayed Le Brun's delineation of rage, was further heightened in its knock-me-down effect, by displaying one broad banner of scarlet; such flaming ensignia being produced by the *porter-like* exercise in which she had been engaged: throwing herself, therefore, upon the chair next to our hero, with a flump that made every thing crack again; for our fishmonger's rib, Mrs. Blubber, was none of the smallest in size, and more particularly capacious in that part which came in closest contact with the *chair's bottom*,

“When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war;”

she thus gave vent to the violent paroxysm of her fury:

“Vy they're a set of downright beastes
“and hogs; and knows no more what they'd

“be about, than a mackarel at our Billings-
“gate market:” upon this reclining her
head a little, with an expression of horror
and anguish, she raised up the train of her
elegantly embroidered dress, when *Nobody*
perceived that it had experienced a rent
from the left verge, and only hung toge-
ther by the hem on the opposite extremity
of the satin: “Odd’s curse the great splaw-
“footed brute,” continued the dame;
“here has I spendd as much of the
“needful, as will eat up the profits of a
“week’s marketings; and all to be sure
“to be made a carpet for a drunken fel-
“low, that ar’nt got no more brains than
“an oyster. Vell, vell, I knows that my
“stupid brute of a husband has been get-
“ting just as drunk as the rest of ’em;
“and when I gets him home, by *goles* I’ll
“have my rage out with him, or I’m not a
“voman.”

By this time Mrs. Blubber had pinned together the enormous rent in her best satin gown ; when seizing hold of a large bowl, full of lemonade, for she disdained the mincing idea of lading a portion out into a tumbler, applied the brim to her lips, and very nearly emptied its contents at one draught ; after which, hastily scrambling up an handful of cakes ; of which I am most credibly informed the great city magistrate had provided no less than *two sacks full*, she flounced off with fury in her eye, and vengeance at her heart, in order to rejoin the *galloping* throng.

Scarcely had the last-mentioned lady disappeared amidst the concourse of dancers, than a silly-looking miss of seventeen, reeking at every pore, was escorted to the lately occupied chair, by a young city apprentice ; in order that she might, as he

very elegantly termed it, *squinch* her thirst. When a number of very fine things had been said by this east of Temple-Bar Adonis, he pathetically supplicated to know her address ; which, after a great deal of simpering, she gave him to understand was in Cow-lane, Smithfield ; whereupon the amorous swain, drawing from his pocket a brownish-looking piece of paper, wrote on the back, in true clerk-like hand, his name and place of residence ; which, with a squeeze that lovers only know how to communicate, was conveyed into the fair hand of blushing Miss, who nevertheless, eager to renew the dance, entreated of her partner one more glass of lemonade ; with which having regaled herself, Strephon conducted his Phillis on pleasure's wing to the scene of ranting festivity ; but in so doing, from eagerness for the sport, the nymph totally forgot that

she had left the billet of her swain upon the seat, having dropped the *papier* upon her chair, on receiving the beverage as before mentioned.

Nobody chancing to possess as much curiosity as most other folks, took the precious *morceau* from its resting-place; whereon was written these words:

William Short Cut,
No. 36, Virginia Street, Spitalfields ;

and upon unfolding the whity-brown, what in the name of Heaven should prove to be the contents of the same, but one of the shop-bills of Mr. Shag, our Billy's employer, whereon was delineated a choice wood engraving, well worthy the collection of any hunter after the black letter; pourtraying, as natural as life, one of the

ebon-coloured sons of Afric's soil, in the act of smoking away the Virginia weed, for dear life's sake, beneath whose swarthy effigy appeared the ensuing elegant acrostic:

Q ueer is the man that never did
 U nbend snuff to attack, O!
 I 'm for his *taste* that *chaws* a quid,
 D —me I *smokes*—Tobacco.

HEARING.

Nobody never hears the Truth.

OF all the five senses with which our hero is gifted, no one is perhaps so much imposed upon as that now under the consideration of *Somebody*. This circumstance is, however, easily accounted for, when the conduct of all men be taken into consideration, with whom it is a uniform practice to conceal every failing which they may possess, by having recourse to the most flagrant untruths. Under this cloak of falsehood however, many individuals fallaciously imagine that they have

thereby thrown dust in the eyes of their neighbours; whereas it will frequently occur, that notwithstanding every precaution, the most secret peccadillos are blazoned around; and while the enactors hug themselves up in the fond idea of security, they are, at that precise moment, publicly held forth to contempt or ridicule.

It was, and is still said that heaven-born mercy, and every sublime attribute, emanates from Majesty, at least so swears the courtier; and how could *Nobody* for one moment discredit such elevated authority; for

“Brutus is an honourable man :”

The noble, in like manner, being in possession of wealth and power, declared

that he had no incitement whatsoever to tempt him from the bright path of honour, and pledged himself to this in the face of his country; how then, could *Nobody* have the audacity to disbelieve him?

The minister most solemnly protested that he had no private views to answer in the retaining his post, being solely governed by that inflexible *amor patriæ* that dignified him with the enviable title of patriot; and would it not then have been sacrilege in *Nobody*, to suspect him of tergiversation?

The dignified churchman having always the word of God at his tongue's end, could not be suspected of pride or uncharitableness: it surely never was his aim to toil for a bishopric, who must always have shown himself desirous of imitating the

humility of his divine master: no, the mitre was most assuredly forced upon his head willy-nilly, for such must have been the case, when we call to recollection the doctrines which he professed in the sacred temple of the Lord; and after that, what right had *Nobody* to harbour even a doubt upon the subject?

The solemn judge, being as well acquainted with the intricate laws of his country, as our hero with his A. B. C. could never have been biassed by power, or a thirst of lucre, and turned his eyes askance from justice; his passions, unlike those of other men, would never prompt him to utter *paw paw, naughty words*, in the course of argument; he knew too well the right from the wrong, to commit himself in the most trifling degree, so he still declares to all the world when seated

upon the bench of judgment, and how in the name of reason could *Nobody* think otherwise.

The Knight and private Gentleman uniformly asserted that they were patterns for their neighbours; being fond of all those domestic enjoyments that constituted the bliss of life: constant to the connubial vow, affectionate fathers to their children, and rooted enemies to all manner of fornication and backsliding; now as they declared all this to be matter of fact, what reasons could *Nobody* adduce to falsify these assertions?

The Merchant and Tradesman swore point blank that their commodities were of the very primest sort; being procured at the best markets, or manufactured by the most skilful artizans; and that they

could sell cheaper than any others who trafficked in the same line of business : now as they pledged their honours in confirmation of such assurances, *Nobody* of course took it for granted, and implicitly accredited their words.

The Mechanic called heaven to witness, that no workman knew better how to handle the implements used in his trade than himself ; and moreover protested that he executed orders with such exactitude, that he was never once known to forfeit his word, always taking home his work to the moment. These declarations, which were recapitulated to every employer, and moreover not unfrequently attested with a good round oath by way of clenching the matter, could not fail, of course, in stamping conviction on the mind of *Nobody*.

Lastly, the Mendicant, with woe-begone visage, piteously declared how long he had been afflicted with the palsy, epileptic fits; or in what engagement his precious limb was lost, with a thousand other casualties attendant upon human existence; not forgetting to acquaint him, by way of addenda, that he had not bitten a crust for the last eight-and-forty hours, &c. Assurances of this nature, which were moreover substantiated by proofs, in the disabled person of the suppliant, could not fail to refute all scepticism; wherefore *Nobody* would have been as unbelieving as a Jew, had he harboured the shadow of a doubt on hearing this lamentable story.

So much for the sense of hearing possessed by *Nobody*, who when first favoured with these several auricular communica-

tions, was prompted to believe the human race all perfection : how far the use of his eyes and ears conjoined, tended to shake this opinion, let the following statements avouch.

It so happened, that *Nobody* was in the cabinet of a great crowned head, when a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, was ratified with another equally puissant monarch : it was perfectly understood between the parties and their advisers, to be for the good of Europe, for the maintenance of a just balance of power, and, in short, that nothing but this coalition, which must be binding for ever and a day, could possibly rescue the two countries from impending ruin ; all this seemed perfectly fair ; presents to an immense amount were sent from one sovereign to the other, and our hero took it for granted, that a

bond of unity was sealed between the parties for ever: judge then, O reader, *Nobody's* astonishment, upon hearing that the intrigues of an opera-dancer, who had been no better than a common demirep, within the space of six short months cancelled the beforementioned solemn treaty, and involved the two countries in a most sanguinary war.

On learning this fact our hero shook his ears, and began to entertain mighty strange notions of his auricular faculties; for though these appendages to his head are not so elongated as those of the donkey, they nevertheless appeared of no more real utility to him, than the excrescences of the animal in question. Strongly impressed with that mind-teazing sensation, called *doubt*, *Nobody's* next lesson was derived from a man of title, who, although

allied to a beautiful wife, by whom he had a lovely progeny, must needs take a fancy to the rib of his *right honourable friend*, with whom he lives, in defiance of the calls of virtue; and to the lasting disgrace of his own boasted nobility.

Nobody's third leaf of knowledge was plucked out of the statesman's ledger, whose patriotism was found to consist in those ear-tickling words, with which the hero of our page had been originally gulled, when attending a great assembly at Westminster; as it now appeared, upon close inspection, that his *amor patriæ* centered in *egomet*; and that rather than relinquish power, place, and peculation, he would impound his honour, outstretch the laws, and consign his name to futurity, branded with the signet of indelible disgrace. Upon ascertaining these facts beyond the possi-

bility of doubt, *Nobody's* hair began to bristle like "quills upon the fretful porcupine !" He was fearful of venturing upon further research, yet the cause of truth demanded it ; and therefore, be the sacrifice of feeling what it might, our hero determined on persevering in the enquiry.

Nobody now set off in pursuit of a pair of lawn sleeves ; and at this juncture felt a renewal of courage, as he deemed it next to an impossibility that the Reverend guardians of the gospel could be other than saints. Ah ! poor Mr. *Nobody*, what must have been your mental discomfiture upon witnessing the very reverse of that truly enchanting picture you had pourtrayed ; you found that a sacred mitre was a *reward for the most servile sycophancy* ; while in the place of meekness, charity, and all the cardinal virtues, was substituted overbear-

ing pride, ambition, thirst of pelf, and the most consummate obduracy of feeling: such were the characteristics of a *mitred saint*; making good the observation of Dean Swift, when he says,

“I ne’er see a parson without a good nose ;

“And the devil’s as welcome wherever he goes.”

Nobody being thus discomfited, took it so much to heart that he had a *spleen* fever, in consequence of which it was nearly a month before he could crawl out to scrutinize a Judge, which was, however, at length effected by his chancing to pop upon an *ex officio* prosecution, by which a poor devil was sentenced to suffer two years’ imprisonment in a common jail, and at the expiration of that period, pay a heavy fine to his Majesty, for candidly telling the world, that a *rascal* deserved an

halter. This verdict so astounded the hero of our book, that he could not budge from his seat, and consequently heard the ensuing trial; which chanced to come very *mal-à-propos*, as it tended to blazon forth the flagrant vices of a *man of fortune*, whose character, previous to that epoch, had been eulogized as the most immaculate; whereas it now became manifest from incontestible evidence, that he had, for a series of years, been secretly addicted to the lowest vices, and in the uniform habit of committing adultery, wherefore the redress now claimed by the injured wife was granted, viz. a separation, *à mensa et thoro*.

After such convincing facts as these, *Nobody's* mind was so far made up, as to the result of his researches that he expected nothing but *the worst* would befall; where-

fore he was little surprized to find the merchant frequently acting the part of the knave; and the shopkeeper treading in the shoes of a rogue; as for the common labourer, our hero standing much in need of a new pair of short clothes, called upon Mr. Buckram, the taylor, who took his measure for this article of dress; which he protested by Ebenezer, (for he was a rank chapel-goer, otherwise Methodist,) should be compleated out of hand, and sent home the ensuing evening: the period arrived, but with it came not the breeches, and thus in succession promise followed promise, and day succeeded day, until *Nobody* had not a rag left to cover what decency bade him to conceal. Having thus patiently awaited Snip's pleasure, the *ninth* morning produced the *inexpressibles*; thus proving how far faith is to be placed in the oaths and protesta-

tions of this class of the community, and more particularly so when the individual in question chances to be *one of the faithful*.

One morning *Nobody*, for the sake of fresh air, took a jaunt into the country, in order to ruminate upon the wonderful discoveries he had made respecting men and manners, in opposition to the original conviction imbibed by his sense of hearing; thus occupied, our hero gained at length a small town, where all was gaiety in consequence of the annual statute or fair then celebrating; and among the crowd one object particularly interested Mr. *Nobody*, being no other than a veteran seaman, who was collecting alms by recounting to the populace how many perilous adventures he had witnessed on the briny deep.

Numerous were the charitable donations dispensed to this son of Ocean, whose

knee rested upon a wooden supporter, whilst the disabled leg stuck out in the rear; notwithstanding which, he hopped dexterously forward to receive the tendered bounty. "Here can be no falsehood," at length exclaimed *Nobody*; "I have now discovered rugged honesty; my ears are not deceived, for my eyes are attestations of the fact."

Our hero felt mightily gratified at this unexpected discovery, and towards the close of evening quitted the town on the pommel of a gentleman's saddle, who was bending his course in the direction whither *Nobody* proposed to travel.

Our hero's companion pushed on his steed at a good brisk pace; and was shortly removed to some distance from the spot where the statute was held; when, marching on at the rate of four miles and an half

an hour, appeared in the van, that very identical personage, who having assumed the guise and manner of a disabled seaman, had completely made a fool of *Nobody*. Our hero was not, however, the only dupe, for the horseman with whom he travelled had been equally imposed upon, and also administered to the rascal's alledged wants.

Nobody had sunk into a reverie, from which he was very soon aroused, by the following words, that escaped the lips of the gentleman before whom he rode: "With what abhorrence do I regard a scoundrel like this! he is the rankest of impostors, and by G—d I will, if possible, give him a Rowland for his Oliver." Having thus expressed himself, the horseman put spurs to his beast; when the sound of approaching strangers warned the mendicant that it was time to play off

the old game, wherefore dexterously slipping his knee into the socket of the timber toe, formed purposely to receive it, and with his leg sticking out behind, he became, as if by *hocus pocus*, the same *honest* wounded Jack Tar, who, *bless his eyes*, had lost a limb in the *sarvis* of his king and country.

On arriving close to the impostor, our traveller checked his horse, and after expressing sorrow for the fate of the tar, who proceeded to recount the accustomed string of falsehoods, the traveller concluded by saying that he would bestow a shilling had he any change; or that if *honest Jack* could give him silver for a one pound note, he should then be enabled to afford him relief. The vagrant having made *good play* at the statute, freely produced the silver, whereof he counted nineteen shil-

lings in the horseman's hand; when the latter, instead of giving a Bank bill in return, set spurs to his steed and made off full gallop. The deceitful rogue finding himself outwitted, ran with the utmost speed to overtake, if possible, the purloiner of his money; but finding himself outstripped by Pegasus, he, as the *dernier resort*, unstrapped his wooden deceiver, or leg, and hurled it at the rider with so just an aim, as very narrowly to escape his head; with which had it come in contact, *Nobody* would have had to tell the horseman's story, as it is more than probable his brains would have been knocked out; and in that case it would have been the mock-mendicant's policy to keep a still tongue in his head.

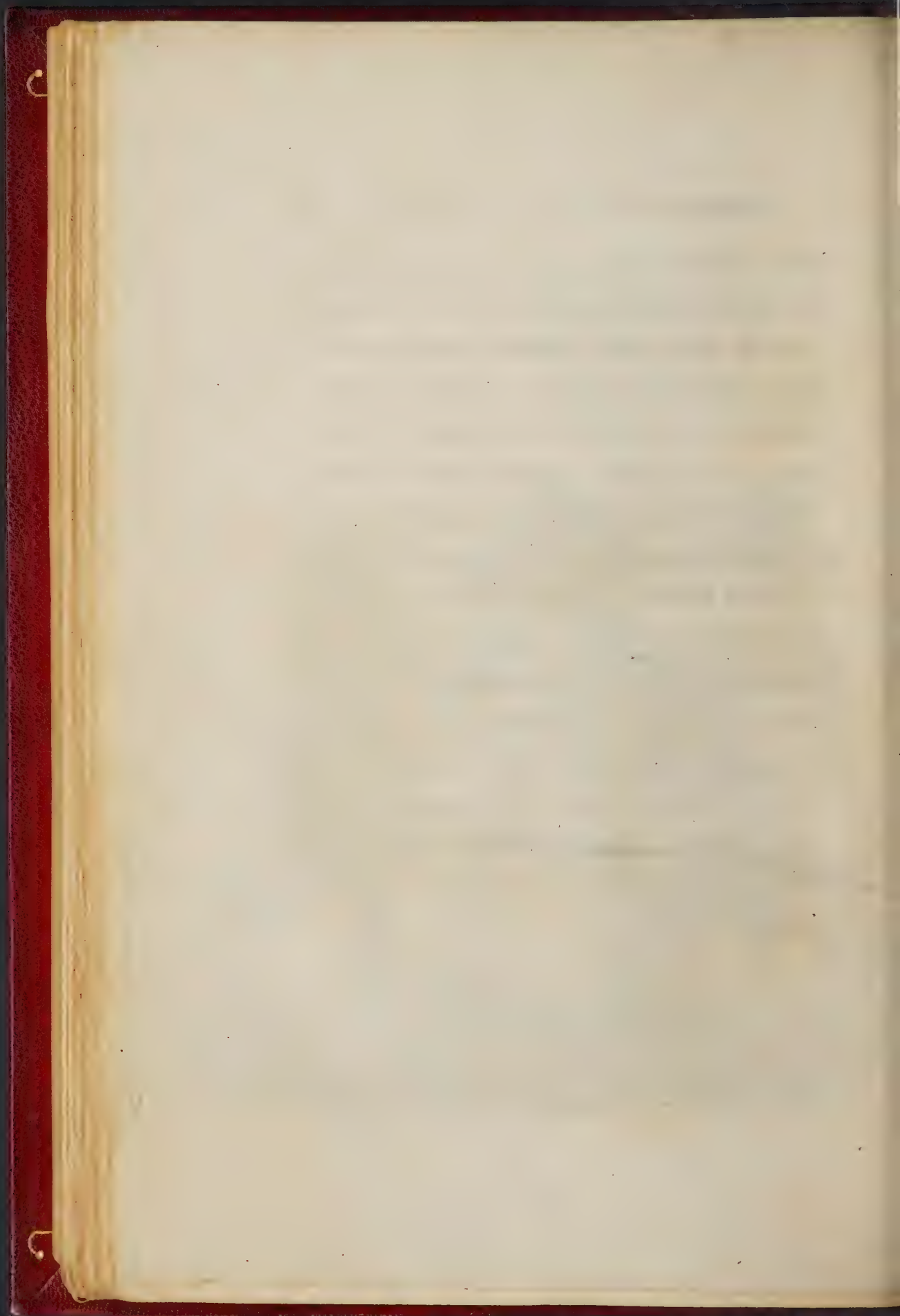
Thus it is apparent that *Nobody's* hearing was of no consequence, from the most

elevated, to the lowest ranks of society ; neither upon his return to London did he at all relish the loud blasts from the horn of the newsman, which incessantly annoyed him on the one side, and the stunning din of the postman's bell, sending forth a dissonant peal upon the other : add to these concomitants of the streets of our metropolis, the incalculable number of cries dinned into his ears at every corner, the rattling of carriages, rumbling of carts, clattering of drays, &c. &c. ; and though last, not the least nuisance to be inveighed against, that uniform attendant upon every mansion inhabited by a married couple,—the tongue-combat, or storm, arising from incessant wrangling ; which is always resorted to upon the most trivial occasions, and wherewith *Nobody* is greeted every hour of the day ; not forgetting curtain lectures at night, which incessantly assail



Nobody hears it.

him, to the annoyance of his ears, and the total deprivation of his rest. In short, *Nobody* from that moment made up his mind upon this subject; solemnly declaring that the only pleasing *truth* he ever heard, was, that a ticket which he purchased had been drawn a prize of twenty thousand pounds; while upon the score of sweet sounds, he never failed in experiencing the most refined gratification on hearing Catalani's wonderful flow of melody; that lady possessing, in his opinion, the *ne plus ultra* of vocal excellence: but with regard to any thing further, *Nobody* vows to Heaven, that he will never more place credence in a syllable that *Anybody* may utter.



FEELING.

Nobody laughs at a Touch of the Gout.

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HAVING now arrived at the fifth or last sense of Mr. *Nobody*, I shall proceed to develope the same; and in the course of my narration of events, I conceive the reader will be prompted to confess, that no occurrences comprized under the foregoing heads, can more immortalize our hero, than those which are now under consideration.

The career of us finite sons of mortality, is uniformly characterized by a series of

sufferings both mental and corporeal : the cruelty of a beloved fair one ; the vacuity of the purse ; the death of relatives, or friends ; and an incalculable number of such et cetera's, prove so many torments to the immaterial being ; while head-ache, tooth-ache, ear-ache, and in short all the *aitches* which human nature is heir to, constitute the sufferings incidental to corporality ; not one of which attaches itself to *Nobody*, who jeers at the *aitches*, as so many bug-bears set up to astound the minds of none but ideots and fools ; but as a convincing proof of the soundness of this argument, he further adduces the system of the modern schools of philosophy ; which goes to prove that no such thing as bodily pain does exist ; the whole being a ridiculous chimera, arising from a paucity of mental heroism on the part of the complainant ; for, say these lovers of wisdom,



pain exists but in the idea; wherefore you have only to *screw up the mind to the sticking place*, as Macbeth energetically terms it, and then all suffering ceases.

Now if we consider this doctrine with all the deference it deserves, what a fund of good may result from the same; for instance, being engaged in a sanguinary war, how useful would a few regiments of these philosophers prove, dispersed throughout the army and navy! since, prior to a battle, they would so barricado the mind against all thought of suffering, that the loss of legs, arms, and body wounds, would prove *all my eye and Betty Martin*. Every hospital should be supplied with a detachment of these pain-killing worthies; they would prove charming auxiliaries to the dentists; nay, even the very approach of dissolution

itself, instead of creating wry faces, might be greeted with a loud horse-laugh; so says *Nobody*, and his fiat should stand as a law, with every lover of common sense and wisdom.

Let us, therefore, from the present moment, discard all idea of that foolish sense called *feeling*; for, since the modern philosophers have expunged it altogether from their vocabulary, what should it possibly have to do with our's? But to illustrate still further this very useful enquiry: upon reference to *Nobody's* notes, it appears that he was a bit of a *swell*, as we now term a Bond-street loungee; and therefore not a little pleased with the display of his trotters, or feet, when screwed into a pair of shoes, at least three sizes too small for their dimensions; the consequence of which has ultimately proved, a

gradual visitation of those hard substances denominated corns ; which, like so many Aldermen's thumb-rings, grace the joints of every toe.

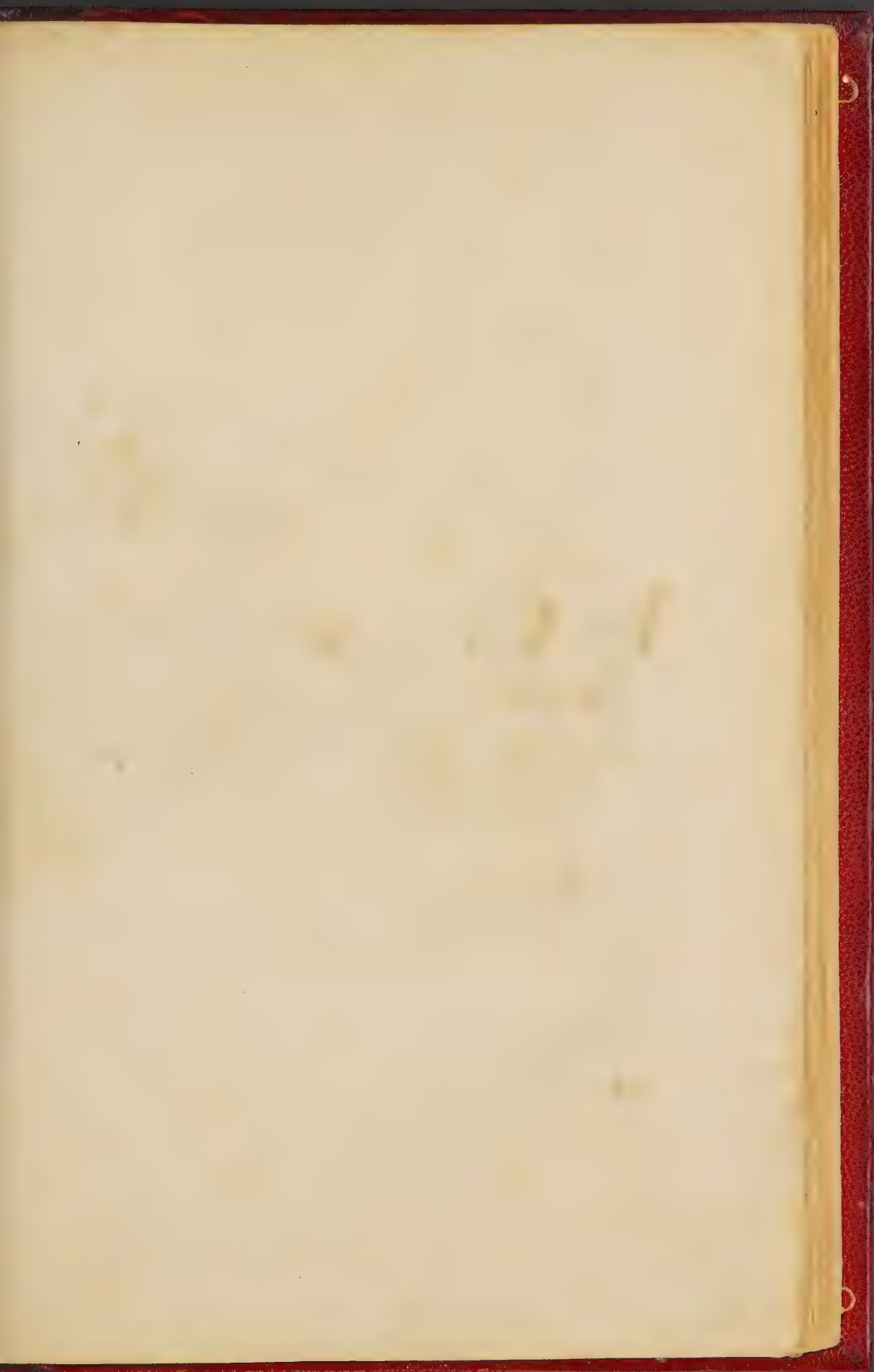
Our hero, prior to his acquirement of modern philosophical tenets, used to wince on being reminded of St. Crispin, by the twinges resulting from such excrescences ; but no sooner had Holcroft, and others in England, together with a tribe of German and French writers beyond sea, convinced him of the folly of such conduct, than summoning resolution to his aid, he snapt his fingers at the chiropodist, and has ever since looked upon his toe attendants with the equanimity of a Zeno, that great commander-in-chief of all the Stoic tribe.

Such also proves the case with respect to his grinders ; for when attacked with



the tooth-ache, instead of flying off to the dentist, in order to procure, if possible, an alleviation of that which is so ridiculously esteemed *pain*; he, with a grin upon his countenance, begins to crack nuts, and rinse his mouth with the coldest pump water; or if in winter, the more frigid application of a lump of ice to the part affected, is uniformly resorted to.

In case of a pain in the ear, *Nobody* always takes his station close to a shattered square of glass, being particularly careful that it shall face the very point of the compass from whence Boreas blows; or in order to accommodate more effectually the fascinating sensation that results from an angry whitlow, he either claps his finger close to the fire, or immerses it in boiling water. But all these rank as mere nothings, on the score of feeling, when compared with





*Nobody laughs at a Touch of the Gout.*



our hero's philosophy on being attacked with a most inveterate fit of the gout; it is during such paroxysms that *Nobody's* equanimity places him upon a par with even Zeno himself: in vain may *Doctor Hales* talk of *arthritis* in the *conagra*, *podagra*, *gonagra*, *chiragra*, or *sciatica*; in vain may he describe inflammations, swellings, and excruciating pains in the joints: it is to no purpose that the great *Sydenham*, in his accurate survey of a fit of the gout, speaking of the night-time, says, that it is then at its height, being settled about the ligaments of the bones of the *tarsus* and *metatarsus*, where it resembles a violent tension, and sometimes a laceration of those ligaments; or at others the biting or gnawing of a dog, or a squeezing or coarctation; all which feelings have been experimentally tried upon the body corporate of our hero, who

notwithstanding, suffers the persecuting imps to annoy him in every direction, allowing their spleen no other gratification than a smile of derision, which is the happy result of modern philosophy.

Having brought matters to this conclusive bearing, I shall now proceed to make the public acquainted with a very extraordinary fact in the annals of our incomprehensible worthy; which was, a determination upon his part, to acquire the wreath of fame, and rank foremost among the renowned *milling coves* of this *enlightened age*: wherefore having penned a very Quixotic epistle, he dispatched the same to Crib, the composition being as follows:

“ I Mister *Nobody*, regarding with an  
“ eye of *contempt*, the present champion

“ of England ; do by these presents sum-  
 “ mons him to appear at Wormwood  
 “ Scrubbs, in order that we may have a  
 “ trial of skill ; and in case of his showing  
 “ a *white feather*, I do hereby brand him  
 “ as *dung’d*, and wholly unworthy the  
 “ *first-rate* pugilistic rank with which he  
 “ has been honoured.

“ Witness my hand,

“ \_\_\_\_\_

“ P.S. If Crib cannot raise the *brads*,  
 “ *Nobody* will fight him for *love*.”

In consequence of the above commu-  
 nication, it was morally impossible for the  
 Champion to refuse compliance ; where-  
 fore the day was appointed, and both  
 parties went into training ; Crib under the  
 auspices of Captain Barclay, and *Nobody*  
 under the tuition of Lord *Somebody*, a  
 very renowned *cove* of the *fancy*.



During the period that intervened between this challenge, and the memorable *hammering match*, our valiant hero underwent all the necessary tuition, sparring twice a-day with the *fambles*, running up hill to acquire wind, and eating three pounds of raw beef-steaks at a meal; it was, indeed, once feared that he was *training off*, but he soon *picked up* again, and acquired all the *science* requisite for the approaching glorious *milling match*.

At length arrived the long-expected day, and at an early hour the road conducting to the *Scrubs* was completely covered with carriages, chaises, buggies, tilburies, dog-carts, and gigs, equestrians, pedestrians, nobility, mobility, gentle, and simple; honourable men, and dishonourable men; *white guards*, and black guards, &c. &c. &c.

A few minutes after twelve o'clock the combatants mounted a twenty-five feet stage; Crib springing upon the same with a confident look, while *Nobody* followed by jumping over the rails, and smiling contemptuously at his opponent. The heroes being both great *gluttons*, *buff'd* it in a brace of shakes; when it appeared, that although Crib's arms were the longest, *Nobody's* legs and thighs by far exceeded in length those of the Champion; who, it was feared, would not be able to give him a *body blow*. The seconds to Crib were Gully and Joe Ward, while Molineux and Bill Gibbons supported the hero of our tale.

*First Round.*—On setting-to, a few seconds elapsed in *sparring*, when the *Champion* made play *right and left*, and put in a *right-hander*, which was returned

with interest by our hero, who *nob'd* his opponent. A *rally* now commenced; during which great *science* was evinced on both sides; Crib, however, *went in*, and levelled a tremendous *body blow*, which was *stopped* by his antagonist, who *rallying*, sent his *bunch of fives* into Crib's *bread-basket*, who went down. Betting in favour of *Nobody*.

*Second Round.*—The Champion went in fresh, and dealt a *facer* that drew a brace of *front-railings* from our hero's mouth, who first shewed *claret*; he, however, rallied in *prime twig*, and returned the compliment by *darkening* his adversary's *peeper*.

There was now some *shifting* on both sides, and well-directed *hits* were exchanged; Crib, however, went in and



*punished* his man, who was at length *knocked off his legs*.

*Third Round.*—*Nobody* came up *gaily*, so that it was the opinion of the *fancy* he would *take his belly full*: much skill was manifested on either side, and some tremendous hits exchanged; when the Champion was *floored*, and *Nobody* fell with him. Betting five to four upon the latter.

*Fourth Round.*—Some *shyness* apparent on the part of Crib at the first *set-to*, he however *rallied* in *high stile*, and dealt a *facer* with good effect, which was as quickly returned by a right-hander on the Champion's *mazzard*, who aimed a *leveller* that knocked *Nobody* off his pins. Betting even.

*Fifth Round.*—Both combatants came in *fresh* and showed *game*; and a most inveterate *milling* ensued, which however ended in favour of our hero; who gave Crib a *cross-buttock* that *punished* him dreadfully.

*Sixth Round.*—Nobody *showed play*, and the Champion came up with great resolution, and *pinked* his adversary; when *following up the chance*, he *doubled* him upon the ropes, and gave him a *fibbing*; when our hero fell. Five to four upon the Champion.

*Seventh Round.*—Nobody, though somewhat *distressed*, gave proofs of infinite *science*, in *stopping* the several hits levelled by his opponent; but in the end, recovering *his wind*, he rallied in *prime stile*, and

gave his adversary a *doubler*, that floored him like an ox.

*Eighth Round.*—This may be esteemed as one of the *primest rounds* that ever adorned the annals of pugilism: both parties seemed bent upon victory; and never was such determined *gluttony* witnessed by the *fancy*: this sett-to lasted one minute and forty-five seconds, when both fell from downright exhaustion. Betting even.

*Ninth Round.*—Both combatants *came up in time*, and *made play*; many *hits* were exchanged, when a *facier* from the *mawly* of Crib was so furiously planted, that our hero fell, and was supposed *to be hit out of his senses*. Betting seven to four upon the Champion.



*Tenth Round.*—Notwithstanding Crib's last blow, which had been deemed a *finisher* by some of the *fancy*, *Nobody* came up and *showed his bottom in prime twig*, by giving Crib a body blow that appeared to *roll him up*, and had so far the advantage of his man that the Champion was compelled to *mill upon the retreat*; this round proved decidedly in favour of *Nobody*, who floored his antagonist by a well planted hit. Betting six to four upon our hero.

Nine more rounds took place, during which the palm of victory was equally balanced by the great skill and intrepidity of the contending pugilists, who were *no shy cocks*, and the battle was at length concluded, neither party being longer able to stand; it was universally allowed by the

blades of the *fancy* that this was *no cross*, and that the *school* never produced two such finished *coves*. As the battle was a *drawn one*, *Nobody* was of course pronounced the *conqueror*, who, seated in the barouche and four of my Lord Somebody, retired from the field; while Crib, in the travelling chaise of the Earl of Queensberry, one of the *fancy* also, took his route for town.

Among the company who were present at this never to be forgotten conflict, were *Lord Yarmouth, the Honourable Berkley Craven, Sir Henry Smyth, Captain Barclay, Major Mellish, Lord Pomfret, General Grosvenor, Sir Charles Alton, Sir Francis Boynton, Thomas Goddard, esq.* with all the sporting amateurs of the *fancy*; together with a collection of not less than *twenty thousand* individuals; the major

part of whom, from the complexion of their apparel, and contour of the countenance divine, seemed to rank fit candidates for the honours conferred at the Debtors' Door of Newgate.

With regard to the sums betted upon this memorable event, they were as enormous as those recorded in the *Boxiana*, when the glorious conflict took place between Crib and Molineux; upon recording which event, the Editor of the above volume makes the following comment:

*“ When the amount of money collected  
“ for the relief of British prisoners in France,  
“ now suffering for the cause of their country,  
“ scarcely amounts to FORTY-NINE THOU-  
“ SAND POUNDS; there is: Blush O! Bri-  
“ tain!! there is FIFTY THOUSAND*



“ *pounds depending upon a BOXING*  
“ MATCH !!! ”

After this *honourable rencontre* of Nobody, who did not *feel* the least hurt from the blows dealt by the leg of mutton fist of his antagonist, I am perfectly well convinced that every lady fond of heroism, and every gentleman of refined taste, must be emulous of his company. As for the titled personages above mentioned, it has been hinted that in the event of another *millling* between our hero and the Champion, the conqueror is to be presented with a choice copy of the *Man of Feeling*, elegantly bound in *calf*, but *unlettered*; and in return, I find it is *Nobody's* fixed intention to forward the *Blackguardiana*, covered with *bear's skin*, for the use of all the illustrious *coves* of the *fancy*.

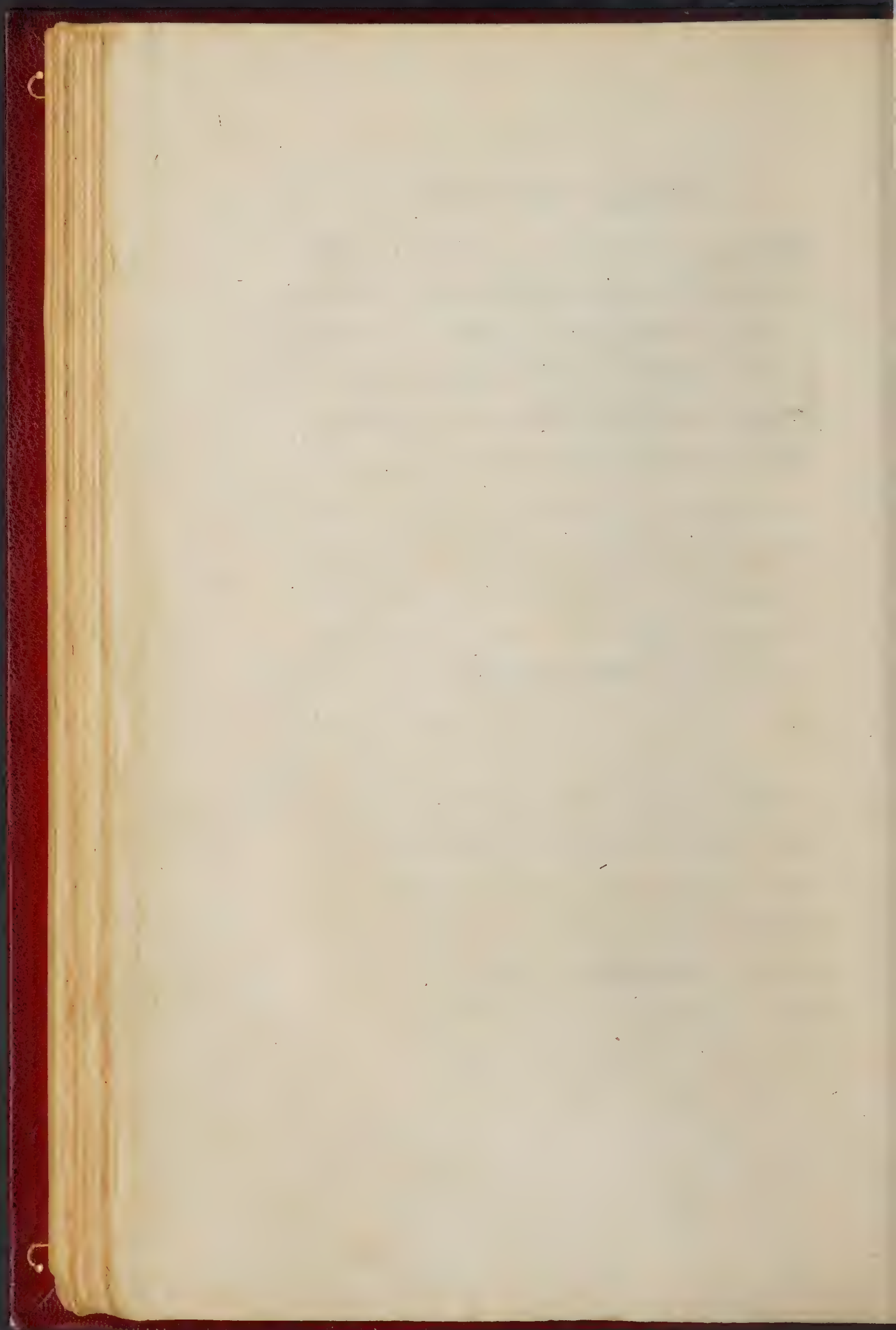
Having now sufficiently descanted upon our hero's sense of feeling, which has, I trust, afforded some share of amusement and instruction to the reader; it will next be my task to narrate a series of events that have characterized his existence within the last twelve months only; for as to offering any thing upon the subject of his adventures at a more remote period, the task would be replete with difficulty, and swell into a voluminous publication.

Ere I close the subject matter illustrative of *Nobody's* fifth or last sense, I think it a duty incumbent upon me to state, that however appearances may go against him on the score of sensibility, in consequence of the conclusive *milling match*, he is nevertheless endowed with sen-

sations of tenderness, equal to those possessed by any created being, whether in air, on earth, or in water; wherefore I shall conclude with saying, that *Nobody* is endowed with as much *feeling* as falls to the lot of humanity.

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CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES  
OF  
NOBODY.

---

CHAP. I.

---

WE now enter upon the wide field of our hero's proceedings; who will be found upon investigation to have proved himself in many instances, a bit of a wag; a striking proof of which will be manifest from the perusal of the ensuing matter.

As *Nobody*, like *every body else* who lives at his ease in one of the great squares at

the west end of the town, was desirous of being esteemed a *blood*; he used of course to sport his four *tits* with Mr. Buxton, Lord Hawke, &c. &c. in the *prime bang up* stile: being a leading member of the *four-in-hand club*. Matters went on swimmingly for a considerable period; until the *stump* failing, with most of the corps, the *bloods* were sold to raise the *ready*, and the *mail coach* fraternity broke up the society in order to fly the haunts of fashion, and tip the bailiffs the go-by.

One of these unfortunate fashionables proved to be *Nobody*, who, though partial in the extreme to *quadruped duns*, had a mortal antipathy to all *bipeds* of that class, since in *lieu* of being *driven*, the latter were in the habits of *driving*, which varies the case very materially. After this statement it is almost unnecessary for me to







*Nobody's at Home*



acquaint the public, that *Nobody* was a *shy cock*; wherefore John Bull called and called again, but to no purpose: *no brass* was to be had, because *Nobody was at home*.

This method, however, of *diddling* importunate creditors, is not confined to the heros of the *whip*, as our first peers of the realm are in the constant habit of telling their footmen, *alias* knights of the *rainbow*, that in case any ill-looking scoundrel in the shape of a tradesman, should chance to darken his threshold, *Nobody's at home* must be the order of the day. This practice is no less followed up by the honourable members of a certain unpolluted assembly; who, although secure from the fangs of sheriffs' officers, cannot endure the *empressement* of vulgar duns, who have frequently no more respect for rank, than



a kiddyish groom has for his right honourable master.

Independent of all these, there are a variety of other *Nobodys at home*; some of which it may not be amiss to retail; for instance, a lady of *intrigue*, as female backsliders are now delicately termed, is engaged in a *tête-à-tête* with the *dear, charming, fascinating creature*, when strict orders are issued, that should the Prince himself call, *Nobody* is to be admitted.

Another very cogent reason for adopting this plan, is the frequent application of a very near, but poor relation; who either comes for the purpose of soliciting pecuniary aid, or to beg that your interest may be exerted with the duke of this, or my lord the other, in order to the procurement of some situation under government;

on which occasions, *Nobody* is never admitted.

Another case in point is when your entrance into life had been characterized by poverty, you was luckily taken by the hand by some generous individual in easy circumstances, through whose fortunate intervention, you were enabled to realize an immense fortune; while your patron, from the casualties attendant on human life, sinks into the same state of distress which was your own lot, upon his first becoming acquainted with you; it is then absolutely incumbent upon you to let *Nobody be at home*, when such a being knocks at the door; for what can possibly prove so annoying as to be reminded of former distress, and hear the most pressing appeals made to your *gratitude*, a term very hackneyed in the present age; which

is universally known in theory, but very rarely experienced in the practice?

From the above custom of *Nobody being at home*, it must be manifest that the individuals who have recourse to this expedient, are in the hourly practice of teaching their attendants to tell lies; from which conduct results a total disregard on the part of the hireling to every thing like veracity, in the common transactions of life; added to which, he mentally conceives himself upon a par with his employers; for what can so much tend to humble superiors in the eyes of those placed in subordinate stations, as the inculcation of precepts which are diametrically the reverse of morality? It is uniformly admitted that we are all creatures of frailty; but so long as there exists an internal monitor to applaud us for one line of conduct, and



goad the spirit for an opposite mode of action, even the lowest creature of the community, though yielding to the same practice, will internally despise the being that has proved instrumental in depraving his heart.

As I am engaged on the topic of *every body being out*, I may as well introduce Mr. *Nobody* to an *at home*, which was given by the Marchioness of Rattlesnake, who had issued *three thousand cards of invitation*; though it was allowed that *fifteen hundred visitants* would more than fill the suite of rooms appropriated for the occasion.

*Nobody*, with his befeathered opera-hat, and habited in the pink of the fashion, proceeded to the scene of noise and confusion; but as to making way beyond the

threshold of the portal conducting to the first apartment, that was a task which even Hercules himself could not have accomplished ; our hero, therefore, standing upon tip-toe was obliged to vent his *lispering small-talk*, after the following manner.

“ Ah ! Lady Charlotte, so you are there ;  
“ how does my Lord ? pon honor ’tis *most*  
“ *ridiculously* warm !—Dear me, Sir Henry,  
“ I thought you would have been at her  
“ Grace’s banquet ! What then I suppose  
“ you are out of her books ?—Why as I  
“ live, Lady Bloom, you never before  
“ looked so cruelly killing ! O ! that I  
“ was a glove upon that hand !—D—me,  
“ Martin, glad to see you ; how *ridiculously*  
“ unlucky the dies went last night ; I shall  
“ bowl off to Epsom, prime *bang up* to-  
“ morrow : Regent to be there, you know !

“ —Why who would have thought it,  
 “ Ned; how long have you been re-  
 “ turned from the continent? Saw  
 “ your promotion to the majority an-  
 “ nounced in the Gazette; experienced  
 “ general, hey, my boy, inured to it  
 “ now, dead drunk at the mess every  
 “ day!!” &c. &c.

Having continued till four o'clock in the morning, without the possibility of cramming himself in, or elbowing himself out, our hero was obliged to confess, notwithstanding his affection for fashionables, that at these *fêtes*, *Nobody is accommodated*; for although nearly fainting with fatigue, thirst, and hunger, he could neither find a chair to sit down upon, a drop to alleviate his drowth, nor a morsel to allay the groanings of the stomach.



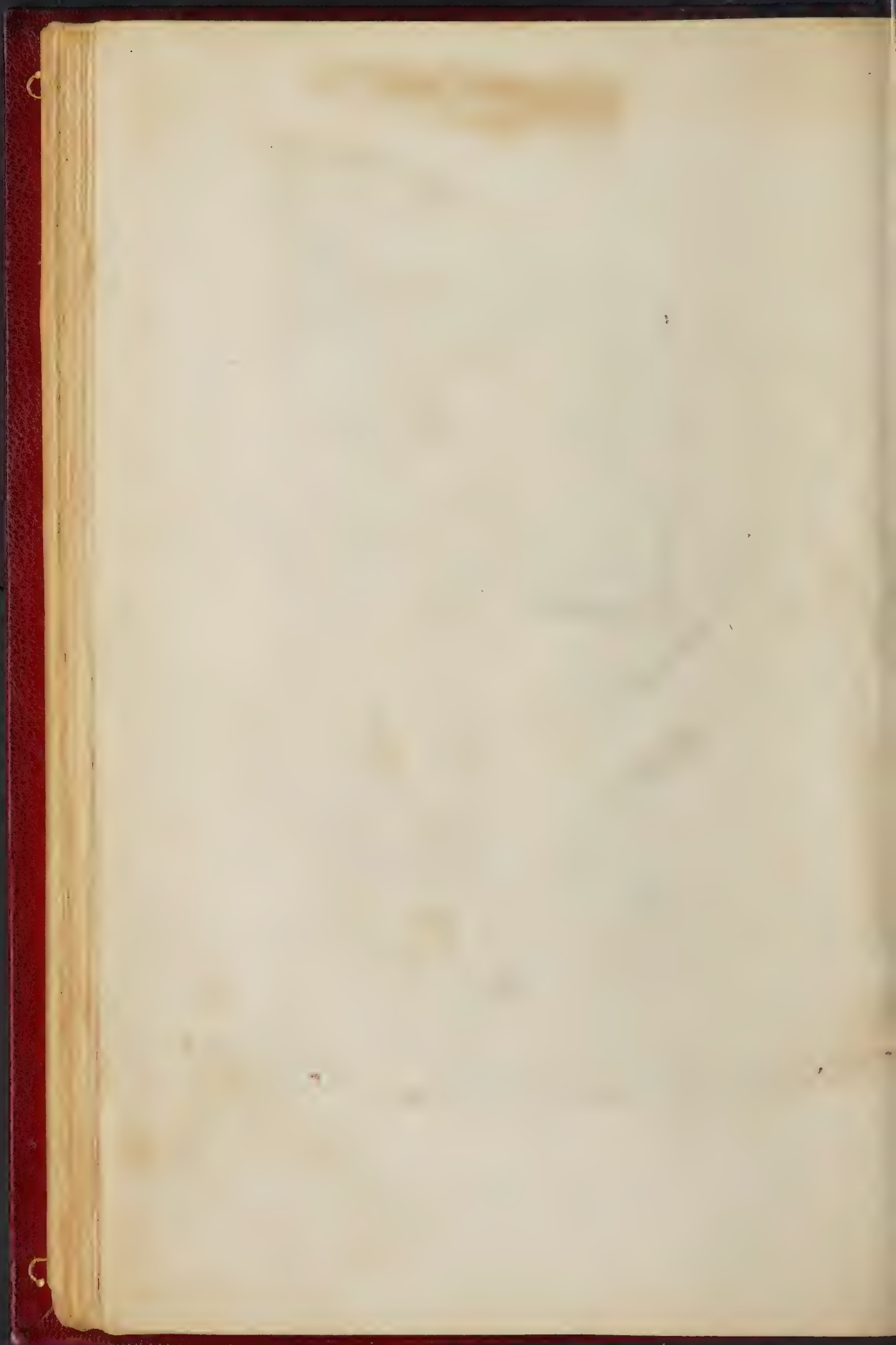
As our hero would conceive that his fame for notoriety was for ever tarnished, in case of his non-appearance in Bond-street, at the usual hour of promenade, he never failed attending the celebrated lounge; and one day gave a call at the lodgings of a scribbling peer, in order to chatter over the literary news of the day; for it stands to reason that A NOBLEMAN *poet* must be the darling of Apollo, and the playmate of the Muses: wherefore the titled author in question was all the go with those who rank themselves *fashionable wits*.

Our hero had not long been engaged in conference with his lordship upon the subject of the merits of the last splendid edition, with notes and picturesque illustrations of *Jackey Hickerthrift*, when our



*Nobody at the Door.*







titled author was summoned by his valet into the adjoining room, where Mr. Dabber, the printer, was attending with a revise of the last sheet of a forthcoming work. In these cases the veil of mystery must always be put on; wherefore the attendant returning into the study, acquainted *Nobody* that his noble employer was then engaged in correcting a very *momentous sheet* of his intended production; and must therefore request his visitor to amuse himself with a volume, until the weighty matter was adjusted in his own mind.

I have, under the sense of *tasting*, given my reader one specimen of our hero's curiosity, and shall now proceed to acquaint him with another, which proved an unconquerable desire upon his part to take a peep at the manuscript on which

this nobleman had been engaged, prior to his leaving the library; thus imperiously actuated, *Nobody* took up the sheet, and read its contents, which were as follows.

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## NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS;

OR,

ZANY PREDOMINANT IN EVERY REGION OF  
THE HABITABLE WORLD.

---

### SCOTIA.

Come forth, supple-minded Sawney,  
Smooth of tongue, with limbs sae brawny;  
Proud though void of cash or shirt:  
Men in office always wooing,  
And at levees constant *booing*,  
Arm'd with impudence and dirt.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES. 101

Cunning, artful, and designing,  
I behold in thee combining,  
    Sordid meanness, vaulting pride :  
When for Cræsus' altar steering,  
Sycophantic, persevering,  
    Heeding nothing else beside.

Though the frowns of fate befall thee,  
Still she never can appal thee,  
    Constant as thy kindred itch :  
Thou wilt bend to fortune fickle,  
And her wav'ring mind to tickle,  
    Suppliant kiss the naked breech.

When prosperity's awaiting,  
Arrogance thy soul elating,  
    Blinds thee to each base degree ;  
Whereby thou didst climb the ladder,  
Fortune's fool was never madder,  
    Nor one half so vain as thee.

Friends avowed of superstition,  
Heeding omens of perdition,  
    Raven, ghost, witch, wizzard, bat ;



Ye will have it fate discloses,  
Even as ye blow your noses,  
Famous *second-sight* comes pat.

Of your minds, each greedy trace is  
Pourtrayed on your hungry faces,  
Thinly clad your high cheek bones ;  
For your faith, determined ranters,  
Presbyterians,—whining canters,  
Preaching like your bag-pipe's drones.

---

HIRIBERNIA.

SONS of Erin, lo ! I greet ye,  
Hither speed at Zany's call ;  
Folly runs o'erjoyed to meet ye,  
Come then, ninnies, one and all :  
Babblers haste who prate of wonders,  
Quickly join the yelping packs,  
Haste with your Hibernian blunders,  
And the fool's garb on your backs.

Prone to flattery, tribe unsteady,  
Born with subtle tongue to cheat ;  
And with smooth palaver ready,  
All suspicion to defeat.  
Or if kindled once the fuel,  
Of dire vengeance in thy breast,  
Rage inspires thee to be cruel,  
Fury leaves thy soul no rest.

In your cups when growing frisky,  
Braggarts, ye all sense despise ;  
Valiant o'er your boasted whisky,  
With deep oaths avouching lies.  
Of your prowess with the ladies,  
Most conceitedly you boast ;  
*Fortune-hunting* your known trade is,  
So ye talk without your host.

Bigots to the faith ye cherish,  
You maintain what priests will say ;  
And with superstition perish,  
Reason scornful to obey.  
So when death cuts short your folly,  
Wafting you from vices foul ;  
Paddies drunken, mad, and jolly,  
Greet your ghost with hideous howl.



CAMBRIA.

HITHER speed, hot-blooded crew,  
Which no reason can subdue ;  
Cambria's offspring come with me,  
Swear to Folly—fealty :  
Join, quickly join her senseless throng,  
Hark ! follow Zany's blithe ding-dong.

Virtue ye esteem to be,  
Center'd in high pedigree ;  
Bards with pride your honours writ-on,  
Dubbing each true ancient Briton ;  
Then speed to join the silly throng,  
'Tis Zany calls ye with ding-dong.

Ah ! woe to him who dares displease,  
Your bearded goat, or frown at cheese ;  
Naught could wash out stain so cruel,  
And allay your passion's fuel.  
Nothing soothes ye, Zany's song,  
Loudly chiming forth ding-dong.

What ensures ye such high fame  
As the boast of *Shenkin's* name ?  
Or what confers such lasting grace,  
As being of *Llewellyn's* race ?  
Pride like this swells Zany's song,  
Still more enhancing sweet ding-dong.

No more of blood let Spaniard speak,  
He's naught compar'd with Knight of Leak ;  
Who'll rave and fight, like *Fielding's* Trunnion,  
In firm support of cheese and onion :  
Wherefore these Taffies all belong  
To Zany, and swell out his song.

---

## GALLIA.

THE race of Gaul next greets the sight,  
Most cringing, servile, and polite ;  
To steadiness determin'd foe,  
Of dress enamour'd : gew-gaw show ;  
Ever towards the fair intent,  
Though less in *act*, than compliment.

In conduct frivolous as ape,  
Or when incens'd, that none may 'scape,  
Raging as wild beast dogg'd in den,  
Monkeys or tigers, never men.  
Such animals with ye compare,  
For so thought the acute *Voltaire*.

Deterr'd by no mean *ruse* or tricks.  
Like Machiavel in politics,  
Slaves to Cytherea's lustful queen,  
In secret pleasures most obscene :  
In fine, your character's solution,  
Was blazon'd through your Revolution.

---

ANGLIA.

ALL hail, ye sons of Albion's soil,  
That in the cause of Zany toil ;  
Let me your fooleries impart,  
For well I know the theme by heart :  
Proud of your gold, by trade acquir'd,  
And still with thirst of wealth inspir'd,  
You barter mental peace for pain,  
Your lives one scene of risk for gain.



No matter whether wrong or right,  
Still for aggrandizement ye fight;  
Or drain your coffers, lavish blood,  
For some unthankful sov'reign's good.  
Haughty, reserved, and taciturn,  
With strangers you all converse spurn;  
Vain of your isle, with pride o'erfraught,  
The universe ye view as naught.

Drunkards on record, gluttons vile,  
Heedless your sense you must defile;  
Tow'rd politics so ably bent,  
Each pot-house holds its parliament.  
With female beauty bless'd by fate,  
Ye still neglect your envied state;  
And treat as tenderly your lasses,  
As brutes who drive their kindred asses.

As clear your taste is as your fogs;  
Your temples, stables; idols, dogs;  
A world of *science* you impart,—  
Witness the *pugilistic art*.  
Heedless for whom ye war, and why,  
Ye fight like devils till ye die;  
And to give proof naught can appal,  
Battle with sculls 'gainst *kindred wall*.

HOLLANDIA.

Behold Dutch biped, half aquatic,  
Morosely stupid and phlegmatic ;  
Sworn foe to science, wit, and joking,  
And fond of naught so much as smoking.

Of manners bland, avow'd despiser,  
Of trade enamour'd, and a miser ;  
Hard av'rice greeting with a Jew-lip,  
In love with *hyacinth* and *tulip*.

In acts of charity the meanest,  
And though of all mankind the cleanest,  
Still in opposing dirt so crusty,  
The virtue's self becomes quite musty.

On skaiting he will pen long strictures,  
And heedless lavish gold on pictures ;  
Is glutton always in his wishes,  
When gorging on his darling fishes.

For safety he rears dykes, delves, ditches,  
And puts on one score pair of breeches ;  
That wit so guarded ne'er may fail,  
Since all his brains are stow'd in tail.

Lo ! such the follies are, which sense subdûe,  
Enrolling Hollanders a chosen crew ;  
In vain may reason preach or rear the whip,  
They still are bent to man our Zany's ship :  
So welcome each with ears, bell, cap, and ladle,  
Folly shall nurse her babe, and rock the cradle.

---

#### HISPANIA.

Next in succession, never jolly,  
Struts slow the Spaniard melancholy,  
So bigoted to titled race ;  
He'll rather boast his pedigree,  
And live in slothful poverty,  
Since labour he conceives disgrace.

Thus arts and sciences ne'er bless,  
These slaves of sloth and idleness,  
Still poor, though sov'reigns of Peru ;



CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES. 111

Since gold a curse must ever be,  
When compassed without industry,  
    Enriching but a chosen few.

Female constancy mistrusting,  
Prone to jealousy disgusting,  
    To each sense save fury, blind;  
Ye all vengeful thoughts combining,  
And on cruel deeds refining,  
    Sell to Satan, soul and mind.

Warily ye watch the stranger,  
To escape the dreaded danger,  
    Spite of all do what ye can;  
Vain, with Argus proves your leaguings,  
Wives outwit ye, when intriguing  
    With a well-loved Englishman.

Deep in policy and funning,  
And in conduct gravely cunning,  
    Viewing all with jaundic'd eye;  
Dupes to monkish superstition,  
Witness burning Inquisition,  
    Sending souls through flames on high.

## ITALIA.

Is this the race from Roman virtue sprung,  
Whose feats the bards inspir'd, so oft have sung ?  
Whose radiant wisdom, and whose dauntless' soul,  
Spread o'er the earth its fame from pole to pole ?  
Where are thy sages now ; thy chiefs renown'd,  
Whose temples erst with verdant wreaths were crown'd ?  
Where is that language which so oft awoke  
Heroic actions, when the hero spoke ?  
All vanish'd, not one trace now left behind,  
Showing a virtue of the Roman mind.

Instead we hear in voice *soprano*,  
A dulcet dialect—*piano* ;  
For war, they practice, monkey tricks,  
Their weapons turn'd to fiddle-sticks ;  
And of this crew, none ranks as braver,  
Than he who longest holds a *quaver*.

Harangues they leave for sonnets pretty,  
Enamour'd of some tender ditty ;  
And for the circlet of renown,  
The rose prefer, and myrtle crown ;

Their strange desires I can't rehearse-á,  
 So merely state they're *vice versá*.  
 Sufficient vouchers for what authors tell us,  
 That of the fair sex they're never jealous.

---

The noble poetaster had executed a few more couplets of his work ; which *Nobody* was, however, prevented from perusing, as the approaching footsteps of my lord rendered it necessary that he should replace the manuscript from whence he had taken it, which he had scarcely effected, when the door opened, and the peer proceeded to apologize for his procrastinated absence, after which some trifling conversation transpired, when our hero, ruminating on the characteristics of



the several nations, as pourtrayed by his lordship, arose and departed; thus leaving the titled rhymster to the free indulgence of that vein of irony which then appeared to animate his muse.

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## CHAP. II.



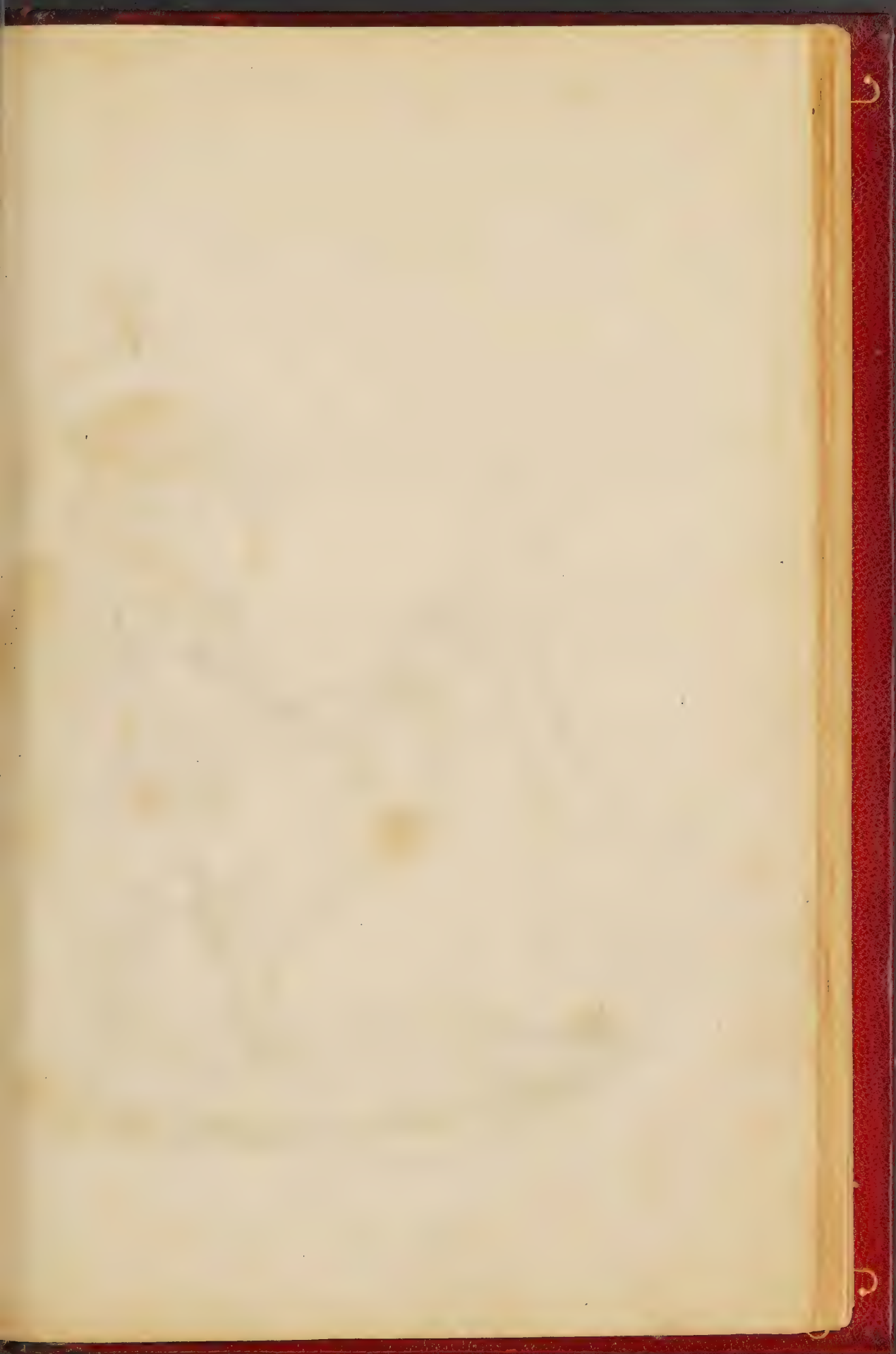
HAVING dwelt upon the fashionable propensities of *Nobody*, it will appear rather extraordinary that his august personage should ever appear on the east side of Temple-Bar, which, notwithstanding, one day proved to be the fact: but concerning the cause of this city visit, historians are altogether undecided. After a good deal of research however, I have ascertained two very efficient reasons for the conduct in question, the first being a wish to ascertain for a fact whether the clock at the Horse-Guards was more correct than that of St. Paul's; and the second desire of our hero was (it being

the first of April) to witness the coming down of Gog and Magog, when they should hear the clock strike twelve; two points of such especial consequence, that no further apology is necessary for this plebeian visit of his courtly mightiness.

From the hours of eleven till one o'clock, our expectant hero continued to parade the renowned city hall, but to no purpose, the statues remained immovable; and our disappointed personage at length retired from the building in a sulky mood, while from the few grumbling expressions which escaped his lips, it was obvious that *Nobody* would in future believe it.

As there are innumerable lanes, allies, turnings, and windings, in the city, and *Nobody* being a very bad geographer, it







*Nobody's affraid of him*

so happened that instead of coming directly down into Cheapside, he turned off in another direction, by which means he found himself in a narrow street, where he made a grand pause, not knowing the direction he should take ; in this dreadful dilemma, with a look of deepest reflection stamped upon his countenance, he continued some seconds stationary ; when all of a sudden his senses were scared by the appearance of General Count Von Howitzerus Blunderbusterkin, Knight of the Imperial Eagle, and General in Chief of the forces of the Emperor of all the Russias, who had paid a visit to this part of the metropolis, in order to fill his belly with five full plates of *bœuf à-la-mode*, at the noted repository of *beef shins*, in *Butcher-hall-lane*.

If the reader is unacquainted with the effects produced by sudden fright, I can



most conscientiously assure him that they are of the most extraordinary nature; a proof of which the conduct of our wonderful personage will forthwith testify; who had no sooner glanced upon this redoubted generalissimo, than taking to his heels, he set off at full speed; which tended to prove, from the most incontestible evidence, that *Nobody* was afraid of him.

In this trepidation of spirit, our hero rather flew than ran, winding through allies, lanes, and corners; till summoning courage, he at length made an halt, and finding, after a glance of scrutiny, that the whiskered source of his terror was no longer in sight, he, like another Napoleon when snug in his dear city of Paris, and secure from the hugs of a Russian bear, laughed at his recent terrors, and with a look of self-assurance exclaimed: "Who

“ is there on earth so great and invincible  
 “ as I ?”

On his way from the city towards the west end of the metropolis, our *Nobody*, instead of passing along St. Paul's Church-yard, thought fit to be godly, and therefore proceeded by the way of *Paternoster Row*, the renowned mart of literature, in order to take a peep at the *liberal GENTLEMEN* *booksellers* of the present æra.

Our hero, upon entering the counting-house of one of these far-famed repositories, beheld an hungry Scot, from the land of cakes, who was striking a bargain with the type-monger for three poems, consisting of *five thousand lines each*, with notes, &c. which were to be compleated within twelve months, when after some haggling, thirty hundred pounds per poem, was

agreed upon. *Nobody's* astonishment upon this occasion, it would be impossible to describe; for it so happened, that about two centuries back he was present at the disposal of a certain production denominated *Paradise Lost*; for which the sum of TWELVE GUINEAS was paid; he therefore could not refrain from yielding to emotions of wonder, when it appeared upon perusal, that this disparity in price, was in every respect applicable to the inequality of talent evinced by the productions of this modern personage; the effusions of Sawney being no more to compare with the divine flights of Milton, than the opposite of darkness to light; this however was not all, a fresh source of astonishment forthwith opened upon *Nobody's* mind; for no sooner was the topic of *three poems* dispatched, when the bookseller proposed the publishing a new edition of the works of one of our *greatest*



writers ; and demanded of *Wha wants me*, the sum he should require for editing the same ; when our rhymster of the thistle, acting upon the true northern principle, and calculating by Cocker, begged to be informed if *the annotations were to be got up in a finished stile, or whether it was to be a BOOKSELLER'S JOB* : the latter, as being *cheapest*, was of course most acceptable to the publisher, who closed the bargain ; and thus consigned the talents of a *departed genius* to the care of a modern empiric of the jingling school.

No sooner had this *great* literary luminary taken his departure, than a writer of a different stamp made his appearance, being what is technically termed in the row, a *book-maker*. This gentleman having inundated the town with illustrated tours, now produced a *pocket-book*, con-

taining a most pithy and elaborate description of the gravel-walks now preparing at the Regency Park ; together with strictures on the palings which skirt the same, illustrated by views of *Primrose-hill*, from eastern, western, northern, and southern aspects ; the title-page embellished with a truly tasteful representation of the adjoining *Alpha Cottages*, and the whole to conclude with a natural history of such fish as are to be inmates of the canal which will pass through this demesne of royalty. A work of such notoriety could not fail to rivet the bookseller's attention, who eagerly grasped at the manuscript, and executed the rough draft of an agreement, which was to be forthwith legally signed and sealed.

Such instances as the foregoing, were sufficient for our hero, who, with upraised

hands and eyes retired from the counting-house to the shop, in traversing which, he fixed his regard upon a thin, cadaverous-looking man in a thread-bare coat, who reclined upon the counter, having a large bundle of papers under his arm. There was a something characteristic in the features of this emaciated object, which powerfully operated upon the brain of *Nobody*, who became anxious to ascertain the nature of his visit to this grand temple of Apollo, when, from a conversation which transpired between one of the clerks and the personage in question, it appeared that the individual then present was *bond fide* a *genius*, and a man of education, who had many times attended in the *row*, for the purpose of proffering a poem on the decline of refined taste, polished literature, and sterling science; but all to no purpose: his lucubrations were treated with



contempt, and the writer was consequently dismissed to his garret and starvation!

“If such be the recompense, awarded  
“to literary talent,” cried our hero, “fare-  
“well to Paternoster-row, and may my  
“footsteps never more parade the inhospitable  
“pavement!”

On returning to St. Paul's Church-yard, *Nobody* suddenly bethought himself, that in consequence of the antiquity of his origin, it might be as well to pay a visit to the noble guardians of heraldic honours in Doctors' Commons; whose researches would no doubt prove his alliance with all the noblest families of the realm. Fully fraught with this supposition, our hero entered the celebrated college of heralds, where he found Garter, King at

Arms, Norroy, Rouge Dragon, &c. very busily employed in the correction of sundry errors which had crept into the blazonry of numerous armorial bearings, among which I insert the following, as specimens.

*Ich Dien.*

On a shield, fashioned like a bottle of *Curaçao*, appeareth *Bifrons Ingratitude*, parading hand in hand with Bacchus, Lechery, and Improvidence: *Crest*, a worn-out harlot straddling: *Supporters*, Sycophancy and Iniquity.

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*Fide et Amore.*

From this shield issueth a huge pair of antlers, branching; while Cuckold *proper* adorns the buckler: *Crest*, a sumptuous

state bed; and for *Supporters* stand *Place* and *Pension*.

---

*Virtus Invicta.*

On a shield modelled after a gin-keg, appears an inebriated Cyprian of Drury-Lane, half-seas over: *Crest*, Gluttony: *Supporters*, Honour in rags, and Disgrace in ermine.

---

*Hora E Sempre.*

This shield presents a cove of the *fancy* in *buff*, dealing his *bunch of fives* in the face of a *milling* opponent. *Crest*, an Horse Jockey: *Supporters*, a nursery-maid and a bunter.



*Nec temere, nec timide.*

On this buckler, shaped like a saddle, is blazoned wine-bottles without number : *Crest*, a Fox : *Supporters*, an Hound, and Pointer bitch.

---

*Benigno Numine.*

Upon this shield is seen the *Sloth proper*: *Crest*, a Dormouse, while as *supporters* appear a Weeping Soldier, and a Dutchman *rideus*.

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*Crede Biron.*

This buckler presents a *lame Pegasus* : *Crest*, Bish's Art of Poesy : *Supporters*, on *dexter* side the muses run mad, and on *sinister*, *genius* writhing with the *cramp*.

*Labor ipse voluptas.*

Blazon'd on this shield, in form of a golden guinea, is seen a slip of tissue paper: *Crest*, a representation of the mint: *Supporters*, the statutes at large, and genius of Mexico.

---

*Strike.*

This shield displays a mail-coach proper: *Crest*, a bang-up great-coat: *Supporters*, a guard and a black-legs.

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*Palma non sine pulvere.*

On the buckler before us appears a servant of all work: *Crest*, the back stairs: *supporters*, Perseverance and Impudence.

*Metrienda corolla draconis.*

Upon a field sable, a freckled viper :  
*Crest*, a mask : *Supporters*, hypocrisy and  
falsehood.

There were alterations of this description  
without number in the armorial register,  
which it would be too tedious to enu-  
merate ; wherefore I content myself with  
the foregoing specimens, in the hope that  
they may afford as much satisfaction to  
the reader, as they seem to have created  
in the mind of *Nobody*.

On retracing his steps westward, the  
optics of our hero were frequently struck  
with the appearance of enormous placards,  
or play-bills, whereon the name of the  
antique Mrs. Siddons was blazoned most  
conspicuously ; a circumstance that ex-  
cited no small degree of wonder in the



brains of *Nobody*, who had, some time previous attended the theatre, when this lady took a *last and solemn farewell* of the stage *for ever*. The novelty of the present case, therefore, prompted our observant personage to visit Covent Garden the same evening, when the *benefit* of a *relative* of this actress took place; which event, *Nobody* shrewdly imagines, was selected as offering some excuse for this reappearance upon the theatrical boards.

Being stationed among a very polite circle in the dress boxes, our hero paid particular attention to the remarks of some well-informed gentlemen, who descanted pretty freely upon this return of the daughter of Melpomene to the scenic realms; at the same time speaking with the greatest contempt of a collection of individuals, calling themselves *a committee*,

whose province it was *to petition* that this performer would renew her theatrical career; as if, in sooth, they were addressing the legislature for the enactment of some law most essential to the welfare of the community.

It was while thus occupied in conversation, that a whole flock of printed handbills were dispatched from the upper regions of the play-house; one of which falling into the possession of the personages with whom our hero then sat, he was enabled to peruse its contents, which proved a recapitulation of the abovementioned farce respecting Mrs. Siddons's renewal of her theatrical career, which was courted in a manner the most supplicatory, and doubtless at the particular instigation of this *enlightened* committee.

As *Nobody* is not fond of being gulled, and as the veil was too flimsy to conceal what transpired in the back ground, he could not refrain from evincing his feelings by a smile of ineffable contempt, tinged with a degree of pity on beholding such an harlequinade contrivance resorted to in order to satiate the yearnings of avarice, which too frequently accompany the lovers of lucre, even to the confines of the yawning grave itself; and fully fraught with these sentiments, our hero took his departure from the box, devoutly praying that the calls of common sense might awaken prudence in the sordid bosom, and prevent the consequent exposure which must result from old age endeavouring to tread the flowery pasturage of blooming youth; for what can be more outrageous than to behold the love-



sick Beverley pining at the feet of a Dulcinea, of sixty odd years standing; or the insidious Stukely, with the stride of a Tarquin, seeking the *ravishment* of a personage old enough to be his *grandmother*? Such scenes as these were upon a par, in *Nobody's* opinion, with the buffoonery of Tom Thumb; wherefore, in the sincere hope that Tragedy may be permitted to pursue her course without the intervention of bombast, he closes all farther consideration of the topic in question.

As the opening of the present chapter gives a delineation of our hero under the impulse of terror, it might be inferred from thence that he was a coward in grain, were I not to adduce an instance that will directly refute such a suggestion; wherefore, as a conscientious biographer, I shall proceed in the performance of my

duty, by giving a relation, characterized with magnanimity of spirit, that very rarely falls to the lot of *Anybody*.

In opposition to the free opinions of the surgeons, who conceive that the *manes* of the departed are very fair game for their practice of dissecting, *Nobody*, on the contrary, has a rooted hatred to the race of resurrection-men, or knights of the tomb-stones, who, with the most daring effrontery, attack the recent labours of the undertaker; which were not procured by the survivors at any very cheap price; and thus translating the body from coffin to sack, bear it triumphantly away, to become a prey to the lancet.

Such being our hero's opinion on the subject of disturbing graves in general, what must have been his horror on wit-

nessing the remains of the martyred monarch Charles, whose severed head he saw elevated from its shoulders, with as much indifference as a butcher evinces on raising the *caput* of a calf: indeed so powerfully was *Nobody's* mind acted upon in this instance, that, wholly absorbed by reflection, he continued in the vault after the departure of the royal, and other visitants, who came to inspect this repository of regal mortality.

In this situation our contemplative personage remained, until night had spread her dingy mantle over one half the expanse of our globe, when shaking off the stupor that had overpowered his senses, he recalled to mind the spot of which he was then an inmate; when so far from yielding to the icy grasp of terror, he took a turn or two in the vault, after which,



slipping under the portal, he proceeded from the castle to take a midnight ramble upon some marsh land, that is contiguous to the river Thames.

Our hero had not long remained in this situation, when, lo ! in the distance, arrayed in arms of paly fire, he beheld the far-famed goblin, Will of the wisp, or Jack-o'-the-lanthorn ; whose tremendous feats are retailed in the nursery even to the present hour. This was the touchstone of *Nobody's* courage ; who, with the ardour of true knight-errantry, proceeded to caparison himself for the dreadful fray, which was performed after the following manner.

The armoury of our hero was stationed between the tiling and beam of an adjoining pent-house, from whence he took his helmet and coat of mail, wove by the

spider, and burnished o'er with dust; for buckler he supported on his arm the wing of a blue-bottle fly; while firmly grasped within his hand was wielded the fell lance, framed from the finest shaving of a single straw, and thus enshielded cap-a-pee, he straight bestrode his palfrey, which, unlike other steeds, proceeded void of legs, being the odoriferous whiff from the pipe of a boor, winding his way to an adjoining cottage. Thus accoutred, and borne upon the wings of the night breeze, our warrior advanced in pursuit of the malignant sprite, vaulting o'er ditches, traversing hedges, and daring every impediment: but all to no purpose, the hardihood of *Nobody* proved of no avail; for allured by this arch spirit of the night, he suddenly found himself immersed up to the neck in a quagmire, while the deriding Jack-o'-lanthorn vanishing into smoke, most dis-

courteously left him labouring in the water, from whence, after a severe struggle, he fortunately effected his escape, after having thus established a character for inherent bravery that must for ever ingratiate him with the fair sex, and chronicle his name in the annals of chivalric glory.

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CHAP. III.

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AS I thought fit, in a former chapter, to lay a stress upon the frivolities of our hero, it may not now be amiss to treat of his acute researches into alchymy; in which branch of science he made a very rapid progress; and is now esteemed a leading adept in the transmutation of metals.

In more remote ages the enquiries of *Nobody* were very much restricted; but within the last five years the strange dis-

appearance of guineas has led him to toil after the *grand operation*, which is only to be effected by the *philosopher's stone*; whose virtues, *when ascertained*, are, to transmute baser metals into sterling gold. It was while pursuing these enquiries, and trying experiments in his laboratory, that *Nobody* was first given to understand from the daily prints, that the bullion committee which had been nominated, brought up their reports, wherein it was asserted that a *flimsy* and a *shilling* were equivalent to a *yellow boy*, inasmuch as the latter would not purchase a greater quantity of corn, or any other commodity than the former. It so occurred, however, that our hero was not precisely of the same opinion, though feeling *infinite respect* for the *honourable personages* here adverted to; wherefore he forwarded a protest, which, however replete with good sense,

and supported by home truths, was rejected with silent contempt by the committee; a mode of proceeding incessantly adopted in a certain assembly where a *prince* or *duke* may violate the established laws of a realm with impunity, while a simple *mister*, for a similar offence, is visited with the most rigorous course of proceedings.

This contemptuous conduct on the part of the *bullion* committee, put *Nobody* upon his *mettle*; for although in general inclined to be peaceable, he was not at all times in a humour to pocket affronts; he therefore not only determined to find out the *philosopher's stone*, by possessing which he was fully convinced that the deterioration of paper currency might be immediately brought about, but also resolved to ascertain the real cause of that scarcity of bullion, so much felt by the community at large.



Some individuals, it is true, connected with the great manufactory of *tissue paper* in Threadneedle-street, sneered at our hero's chemical abilities, as mere bug-bears, whilst they, on the other hand, applying the words of the gang in the Beggar's Opera, to the pursuit in question, exclaimed:

“ Let chymists toil like asses,

Our fire their fire surpasses,

And turns all our RAGS to gold.”

Now although I should be sorry to give the very shadow of an offence to *Nobody*, I nevertheless, as committing myself to the public, do conceive that I am called upon to be impartial upon all litigated points, wherefore it becomes my task, however painful it may prove, to coincide with the *rag-merchants* in this instance; whose legerdemain, or *hocus*

*pocus* manner of effecting a transmutation from *half a muckinger*, or the *tail of a chemise* into value *twenty shillings*, by far supersedes the attendance at the furnace, and watching of the crucible, from whence no one *tangible* benefit has hitherto been derived. No longer is the ore of Peru and Mexico essential to us in the purchase of any article whatsoever: the cry is, Have you got the rags? As to the celebrated work entitled *The Adventures of a Guinea*, it may as well be destroyed by the hands of the common hangman, since the *personage whose memoirs* are therein retailed has altogether disappeared from society; and therefore to the rising generation, who never have even seen, much less felt a *guinea*, the work in question will be equally detrimental, as the inflated rhodomontade of romance is prejudicial to the youthful spinsters of our enlightened æra.



But a truce to digression:—it was the resolve of our hero, that he would ascertain the cause of this scarcity of guineas; wherefore, as was customary with him on all occasions relating to public delinquency on a grand scale, he began with the higher classes of society, where he found hoards of the precious coinage snugly secreted to guard against a rainy day, while other titled personages were so extremely eager after these pretty pictures of royalty, that no rent tendered in coinage of Threadneedle-street would be received, nothing being equivalent for the use of land, save and except the solid portraitures of the KING.

On visiting the middling and lower classes of the community, so far from being able to hunt out a *guinea*, it was rare to meet with a *seven shilling BIT*; nay, at Bartholomew fair last past, in order to



give a convincing proof of the extreme scarcity of these *yellow talismen*, a fellow having hired a booth, stuck up over its entrance, the following placard :

*“ To be seen within, price of admission  
 “ only Sixpence, the greatest rarities in the  
 “ united kingdom, procured at a very enor-  
 “ mous per centage, after the most inde-  
 “ fatigable research, and well worthy the  
 “ attention of Johnny Bull and his progeny.”*

Forcibly struck by such an appeal to the attention of the curious, *Nobody* slipped into the exhibition, without however paying a *tester*, the price of peeping, which was not altogether decorous ; when what should the sight prove to be, but *one guinea, one half ditto*, and a *seven shilling piece*, spread in due order upon a white napkin, forming a *coup d'œil*, so attractively

imposing, that it is much feared *Nobody* will ever look upon the like again.

In the course of these peregrinations for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of this mysterious vanishing of the *mopus's*, although our hero had made very great discoveries, they were, however, by no means tantamount to the general scarcity experienced throughout the country: how to account for this, was now become the great *desideratum*; wherefore proceeding to the city he discovered, by a very fortunate chain of events, the whole *arcanum*, which was simply as follows.

Many of the leading personages on 'Change, both Christians and Jews, who were wallowing in wealth amassed by the improvident conduct of ministers, and the waste and desolation occasioned by a twenty years' war, not satisfied with the

possession of such princely fortunes, had recourse to inferior emissaries; who, in case of discovery, were to bear the brunt of legal enquiry; to these secondary objects was attached a third class; and lastly the coachmen and guardians of the mails, were impressed into the service, who quitting the metropolis with sacks full of the *spick span rag coinage*, by an allowance of six, seven, or even eight shillings advance for a guinea, literally drained the kingdom from one extremity to the other; nay, and to such a daring pitch was carried this most nefarious traffic, that our *Nobody* declares he has seen *seven hundred guineas* brought to London by one guard, after an absence of only three days from the metropolis.

Seeing is believing, and therefore as the eyes of the wary personage in question had been witnesses of the fact, his next



enquiry was the cause of such a premium being advanced, after the assertions made by the bullion committee respecting the value of old *rags*; when, by dint of close observation, *Nobody* found out, that no inconsiderable portion was hoarded up by the miserly individual himself, or found its way back into Threadneedle-street, there to remain *perdue*, until it was necessary to forward a subsidy to some foreign prince, in order to maintain his mercenary legions; while another mass was popped into the smelting vessel, for the use of the goldsmith, &c. whose vocations must have terminated altogether, but for this spoliation, or defacing of the current coinage of the realm: thanks, therefore, to our hero's perseverance, through whose means has thus been discovered the loss of our tangible currency; wherefore it may with truth be said, that *Nobody knows what is become of all the guineas.*





Nobody knows what is become of all the Guineas.



In addition to the above string of causes, from whence originates the scarcity of *shiners*, let not the cunning children of Israel, of the middling class, be passed over in silence, whose usual artifice was made manifest in this traffic, by our quick-sighted hero, when on ship-board; in which case he discovered countless perforated walking-sticks filled with coin; and quarters of beef slung negligently over the vessel's side, stuffed with precious gold.

I shall now conduct my reader to a spot which may not be altogether congenial to his feelings; yet as our *hero* thought fit to make mention of it upon his journal, I cannot do other than give it insertion here; the spot to which I allude, is no other than the Old Bailey, whither *Nobody* went out of curiosity to behold the exe-

cution of a fellow-being, who there paid the debt due to the injured laws of his country, by suffering upon the new drop.

On his way homeward, the personage whose feats we are relating, gave way to a variety of cogitations ; for as he had possessed himself of a dying speech, it appeared from thence, that the delinquent had been guilty of a forgery upon the Bank of England, which being brought home to him, had doomed him to his late ignominious fate. The ideas, therefore, which preyed upon our hero's spirits, were to the following effect : that was there no such thing as a paper currency, neither the individual in question, nor hundreds before him would thus have been hurried into eternity ; wherefore, argued *Nobody*, the Bank Directors, in undertaking to issue a substitute for guineas, should either frame

a circulating medium equally difficult to imitate, otherwise they hang out a lure to entrap an improvident, or vicious-minded man, which would never have been placed within the power of his attainment.

By the law it is esteemed as bad to receive stolen goods, knowing them to have been purloined, as to have *bona fide* committed the theft; for were there no receivers there would be no thieves; and by the same parity of reasoning, were there no Bank notes, there would be no forgeries; consequently all that have suffered for such crimes, would have escaped the gallows, at least for the commission of that offence; and, says our hero, the major part of those criminals who have suffered for forgery, were not of a stamp to rob upon the highway, or commit burglary; wherefore



in all human probability they would for the most part have escaped condign punishment, but for the means thus placed within their grasp.

Urged by these sentiments, our hero posted home with all speed, and entering his laboratory, set to work with fresh vigour, in the hope of discovering the philosopher's stone, which would at once put an end to the Threadneedle-street manufactory; neither could *Nobody* refrain from expressing satisfaction that the present age was so enlightened as to suffer him to proceed in his research unmolested; whereas in the fourteenth century, so great were the prejudices against the practitioners of alchymy, that Henry the sixth found it necessary to issue his letters patent, in order to authorize their occult operations.

Under the firm conviction, therefore, that *Nobody* will not only discover the great *operation*, but also in pursuing his researches, favour mankind with the *elixir vitæ*, I shall now drop the pen, and thus conclude the present chapter.

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CHAP. IV.



UNDER the last head we accompanied our hero to witness the unpleasant sight of an execution; wherefore it may not now be amiss to acquaint the public, that being very far from melancholic in his nature, he was by no means averse to spectacles of an opposite cast, even from the grand display at the opera-house, to the plebeian puppet-show at Bartholomew fair; and as a proof of the same, I shall now proceed to follow *Nobody* through a

routine of exhibitions which are described in the progress of his diurnal notes.

On the very day that our hero was led to inspect the three late mentioned rarities at Smithfield, he was attracted by the freaks performed by the *Sieur Sanches*, on the outside of one of the shows; wherefore entering the same, he witnessed a very bloody tragedy, various feats of agility, and a regular pantomime, all performed within the short compass of *twenty-five minutes*.

The next place in succession which underwent the scrutiny of our hero, was a cock-pit, where he was astounded beyond measure on reconnoitering peers, whom he had some few days previous beheld in their robes in a great assembly of the nation, seated beside butchers and chimney-sweepers; in short, the attendants at this

place were composed of such a medley, that *Nobody*, fearful of the consequences of inattention, kept his hands close upon his pockets, for fear of the friendly visitation of some strange hand.

After *weighing* the cocks, *cutting out*, as it is technically termed in the pit, or trimming the feathers, and *heeling* to wound with; that is to say, putting on the gaffs, the owner of each bird took the necessary precaution of *whetting his thumb*, to rub the under part of its foot, then showing the combatants to one another, they were placed on the mat, and the battle commenced, when such a din occurred among the several betters, that our hero thought himself in the very gulph of Pandemonium; it was then my lord roaring aloud like a Stentor, bad *Jem* snuff the candles; an earl takes the bett



of a scavenger, and a baronet that of a cobbler; all distinction was here at an end, and *Nobody* literally trembled, as the scene before him called to mind the levelling blood-thirsty era of Robespierre, than which nothing bore so striking a resemblance, as the occurrences then transacting in the cock-pit: on a sudden, however, the riot became more intolerable, on account of one of the birds breaking his spur, which had been backed very heavily by numerous amateurs present; indeed, so disgusting was the spectacle altogether, that without awaiting the issue of the conflict, our hero left his seat, and was heartily glad to find himself released from what he denominated a complete den of thieves.

A short time subsequent to his attendance at this last-mentioned cock-fight, our

hero happening to be at some distance from town, found himself by mere accident in the neighbourhood of a famous bull-bait, whither he repaired, as it was said by the numerous individuals flocking towards an adjoining common, that there would be excellent sport; though from the general appearance of these informants he was led to form very strange ideas of the species of pastime to which they alluded.

*Nobody* having remained upon the spot until some dogs were maimed, others killed, the bull dreadfully mangled, and worried almost to madness, retired in disgust from the exulting concourse of spectators, protesting with a round oath that *Nobody* should never be caught again in such disgraceful and inhuman company.

From the bull-baiting, our hero was inducted to the Fives-court, in order to be present at a famous sparring match performed by two renowned coves: but having recently said so much upon a fight without the gloves, I shall not dwell further upon this exhibition than to state, that *Nobody* likes a *blow* as well *without* as with the *fambles*.

*Nobody*, attracted by a flaming bill, four feet in length, with a fine wood-cut at the top, proceeded next to Sadler's Wells, where it was his intention to visit the pit, until calling to remembrance that the prime part of the representation was to be aquatic, he rather preferred mounting aloft, as in case of any accident, those persons stationed in the *lower regions* might stand a chance of a ducking at the least; whereas our hero went for the purpose of *sitting* in



lieu of *swimming*, which the reader will no doubt esteem a very cogent reason.

Our *Nobody*, by way of note to the account of the representations at this theatre, concludes with the following remark, that this aqueous fancy is particularly serviceable to the proprietors, as it totally does away all necessity of *insurance* from fire, as they thus have it in their power, if required, to *drown* both the *theatre* and *auditors* at pleasure.

Following the range of *Nobody's* fancy, we next behold him lolling over a box at the Surry Theatre, not a little surprized at the transmogrification which has taken place of late years, to the total exclusion of quadrupeds in the ring now converted into a pit; while the necessity of chanting forth the subject matter of the representa-

tion, instead of speaking the same, led our hero to express his wonder that the *common sense* mode of delivery should be monopolized only at Drury Lane and Covent Garden.

Astley's Amphitheatre was soon after honoured with our hero's presence, who could not help being gratified on witnessing those feats which were pleasing to our forefathers; who, although less refined in taste than the existing population, had more sound sense in their pericraniums, and sterling properties of the heart, than their present representatives; one remark, however, relative to the performances, our hero could not refrain from making, and that was, the great superiority evinced by the quadruped species over the more honourable creatures gifted with two legs only.

*Nobody* being extremely anxious at all times to assist any of the Thespian corps, pulled his purse-strings upon the benefit night of Mr. Eyre, in order to view the Amateur of Fashion's performance of Romeo, at the Lyceum Theatre in the Strand. Upon this occasion the hero of our page took his station in the stage box, not only that he might see the better, but in order likewise to be seen by the audience, which is no very uncommon thing with the frequenters of public places.

The tragedy at length began, and the gentlemen-attendants of the dagger-drawing houses of Montague and Capulet, bit their thumbs at one another, when in due course Mr. Coates made his appearance as the melancholy, love-sick hero of the piece, whose physiognomy, so far from captivating a Juliet, was enough to



scare the most masculine female attendant at Billingsgate, being indeed the very prototype of the knight with the rueful countenance.

It was only at intervals that *Nobody* caught the sound of this gentleman's voice, but the *little* he heard was quite sufficient; for the screech owl's din could not possibly be more enhorring to his auricular sense. I have stated that *Nobody* heard *at intervals only*, which will be explained by the reader's learning, that the first appearance of the *Amateur* was the signal for a general row, which was most methodically kicked up upon this occasion, by a succession of sounds from every part of the house, that resembled the combined bellowings, roarings, and screechings of all Mr. Polito's family combined together in one concerto: so much for the speaking part of this

comic tragedy ; now for the external appearance of the buskin'd Coates, which our hero avouches was equally ludicrous with his actions and gesticulation.

In his black silk hat nodded a plumage measuring at least one half his own height, *a capite ad calcem* ; while his complexion (ranking much upon a par with the hue of a kite's foot) instead of being veiled from observation by some necessary rouge, was presented all as natural as the life to the optics of the laughing audience ; on the little finger of the left hand glittered a diamond ring, the dimensions of which, when compared with his *digit*, resembled a turnip placed upon a tobacco pipe ; while in order to display the brilliant buckles, and knee dittos, his miserable shanks were twisted into distortion, presenting upon the whole such a Romeo as never

before graced the boards of any London or provincial theatre; in short, from the rising to the dropping of the green curtain our hero was convulsed, wherefore it may be stated with a strict observance of veracity, that *Nobody* laughs at a tragedy.

As New Drury was the subject of panegyric with every person who had visited the building, our hero took his station in the pit of that theatre, to witness the tragic powers of Miss Smith, which were productive of a very different effect to those of the Amateur, as *every body* joined him in shedding tears.

The very powerful abilities of this fascinating actress led *Nobody* to contemplate the conduct of a certain set of individuals, who, unmindful of reason and common sense, are desirous of dragging the aged







*Nobody laughs at a Tragedy.*



Mrs. Siddons from that retirement, which is now become essential to her on the score of personal appearance, and obvious decrease of powers, in order to assume her former characters upon the theatrical boards.

As for newspaper puffs, and the paltry expedient of printed papers, courting this lady's return, being thrown off like kites from the galleries and boxes on the night of Charles Kemble's benefit, it was a stratagem too obvious to escape the penetration of *Nobody*, who, adopting the language of reason, begs to remind Mrs. Siddons her day is gone by, and that however tickling popular applause may be to the ear of vanity, and an accumulation of more wealth acceptable to a spirit of avarice, yet both may be purchased at the expence of a reputation already earned;



for the efforts of impotent age can never tend to increase the meridian powers of life, but will in all probability bow down the object so attempting with sorrow to the grave.

The next place of public resort that proved attractive to our hero was Covent Garden, where he was forcibly struck with the powerful efforts of Mr. Young in tragedy, and the natural comic excellence of Liston, which were alternately productive of the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." It was at this theatre our *Nobody* had taken his station at one of the oratorios during *Lent*; on which occasion he could not refrain from complaining most bitterly of a circumstance that took place upon the admission to half prices, when, in the midst of a divine air, executed by Mrs. Salmon, such a slamming of box-

doors, and boisterous uproar ensued in the galleries, that every attempt at hearing proved fruitless; and divine harmony was thus converted into general uproar and confusion.

Having thus far animadverted upon our hero's attendance at public places, I shall now induct him to the opera, which is the favourite resort of rank, taste, and beauty, because under the immediate direction of persons who are not liege subjects of these realms; for be it known, gentle reader, that any *exotic* with an Englishman, is preferable to his *native plant*; wherefore a blunderheaded German, an hermaphrodite Italian, or a designing Frenchman, will supersede a constellation of national talent: such is the British taste, according to the strictures committed to paper by my hero,

and I am therefore in duty bound to pay all deference to his opinion.

As to the instrumental part of this theatre, it is universally allowed to be excellent; but with regard to the vocal department, with the exception of Catalani and Tramezzani, never was such a falling-off; speaking of the dancing, although fascinating in the extreme, yet the competitorship for fame is infamously partial; for the guidance of this department being wholly committed to *French agency*, the result is a pointed neglect of *English merit*, which our hero conceives to be a most shameful violation of justice; for though of no particular clime or region, he does conceive, that talent should always acquire its just reward; nor is it reasonable to suppose, that the limbs of a Frenchman



can be more supple than those of a Briton, or his conception of ease and elegance *more* refined ; wherefore *Nobody* requests that *Everybody*, calling himself an Englishman, will stand forth the advocate of his fellow islanders ; and, in opposition to the arrogance of *inflated Mounseer*, pay due attention to the merits of *sterling John Bull*.

We will now, by way of finale, take a stroll with our famous hero, to inspect the exhibition at Somerset House ; which was characterized, according to his opinion, by a greater paucity of talent than usual, of which he declares there was no need ; since, independent of the pictorial efforts of a few exhibitors, the walls would have appeared to much more advantage, if divested of such incumbrances altogether. “ Portraits,” cried *Nobody*, “ are in profusion, as usual ; for no creature is so

"vain of his physiognomy as John  
 "Bull." One whole length, however,  
 particularly caught our hero's eye, and that  
 was the representation of a personage in  
 the robes of *the order of the Bath*, who had  
 acted as PROXY, upon a late *installation*.  
 "Merciful powers !" vociferated our hero,  
 "*was the hope drunk, wherein you dressed*  
 "*yourself*, mighty Sir ; or had the fumes of  
 "vanity so far intoxicated your brain, as  
 "to lead you to conjecture that you was  
 "in reality that which you only seemed  
 "to be ? In the name of common sense,  
 "if you possess the twentieth part of a  
 "scruple of that commodity, let me feel-  
 "ingly advise you to obliterate this paint-  
 "ing altogether ; or if determined to blazon  
 "it forth to posterity, for heaven's sake  
 "let the artist add some finishing touches,  
 "by the requisite annexation of a pair of  
 "donkey's ears."

In addition to the above portrait, *Nobody* has only to add, that *one likeness* of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer would have been quite sufficient, in lieu of saddling the exhibition with FOUR; a very unnecessary multiplication of a MEAN ORIGINAL; for the countenance at best does not exceed, in point of expression, the traits observable in the phiz of a twopenny barber; and as to any thing else, the REMEMBRANCE of that PREMIER is so LASTINGLY GRAVEN ON the *recollection* of a GROANING PUBLIC, that there is no fear of its ever being OBLITERATED.

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CHAP. V.



TO all the vulgar pleasures of existence, our hero now bids farewell; song, dance, feast, and merriment, no longer possess a fascination to enchain his senses; for *Nobody* has entered the Paphian bowers, conquered by the shaft of all resistless love. What a surprizing alteration does this passion create in the breast: the mirthful spirit turns to sadness, and the contemplative mind becomes melancholic; it will convert the sloven into a being debonnair; and transmogrify the spruce;

ness of the *beau*, into the most rooted negligence of person: it is then that the razor remains untouched, and the beard is permitted to display its grizzly crop; while dishevelled, uncombed locks, give to the countenance all the characteristic traits that pertain to the owl, when perched in the middle of an ivy bush.

To what a precious state then, is our great hero reduced; what must be his internal pangs, and the warfare of his brain; yes, reader, his *brain*, for unless the germ of love be planted in his pericranium, where can I possibly find it? since, being possessed of *No Body*, we cannot for a moment degrade the passion, by planting it in *honour's seat*; wherefore, as I said before, the noddle must be the depository of this all-subduing passion. But in order that I may no longer tantalize the public by



withholding the source and origin of this fearful attack, I will commence the denouement, which will prove *Nobody* very unlike every body in his advances towards Cupid's fame : so now to the point without further circumlocution.

In the skull of our hero is planted a very acute sense of feeling, which is usually denominated honour ; and propelled, therefore, by such a sentiment, he was determined, in selecting a partner, that no one should brand him with having an helpmate who had slipped from the paths of decorum prior to wedlock ; or who was at all likely to be guilty of naughty doings after the solemnization of matrimony. Having thus made up his mind, off he set in pursuit of this inestimable jewel ; not for a moment doubting that he should easily find one

agreeable to his fancy, and whose conduct would gratify the longings of his *brain*.

The pedigree of *Nobody* being, as all the world knows, anterior to our great progenitor, the gardener of Eden, of course it will not appear at all surprizing that our hero should first aim at possessing for a partner, youth, beauty, fortune, and family rank, from among the nobility stock of this far-famed island; wherefore, in best array, and with a *glowing head*, he bent his course to Carlton-house, where a grand GALA was celebrating, being well convinced that some hundreds would there present themselves, just cut out to satisfy his most ardent wishes. Having sauntered for a short period in the conservatory, the glance of *Nobody* was directed towards a very lovely personage; whom he found,



upon enquiry, to be the daughter of a peer of the realm; when feeling particularly attracted by her charms, he took his seat beside her, and commenced his attack by uttering a string of those tender little nothings, which are so very common in elevated life; the young lady listened with some degree of complacency to the effusions of his fancy, until the arrival of a young dragoon officer, arrayed in all his paraphernalia, and bewhiskered like a Don Cossack, when, as if by enchantment, the manners of this young female became reserved in the extreme towards *Nobody*, upon whom she very shortly after turned her back, lavishing simpers, and the most encouraging glances upon this son of Mars; who kicking his yellow spurs against one another, seemed to enjoy the disappointment of our neglected hero; who speedily arising, with a shrug of the shoulders took his



departure, exclaiming internally: "This won't do, unless I make up my mind to emulate the tribe of horned cattle."

Passing through the library, another object with killing aspect, shot love's ray through *Nobody's* temples, who, banishing the before-mentioned nymph from his recollection, began a similar attack upon the female in question: he had not, however, been long engaged in this tender parley, ere a dashing young man in full naval uniform, came up to the daughter of Eve, and after eyeing the subject of our volume with a look betokening anger and jealousy, he bore the lady off in triumph; leaving our hero in the attitude of a ninny, on experiencing this second discomfiture. However, plucking up courage, he determined on renewing the attack, in which he persevered till six

o'clock the ensuing morning, at which epoch the fête broke up; yet during all these repeated essays, he met with nothing but disappointments; some dulcineas being too forward, others too much painted: and the major part so attired, (if such we can call a state of almost nudity) as to lead him to think that a wife in this trim would be as *well known to all his MALE ACQUAINTANCES as himself*.

As these specimens had sufficiently disgusted our hero with high life, he next determined to essay the middling class of society, where he had been assured true virtue and modesty in woman were attainable; in this research, however, he met with nothing but rebuffs; some awkwardly affecting courtly manners, while others were vulgarity personified; and upon the score of *costume*, nakedness, and want of



decency were apparent in every direction : to descend to the mechanical tribe was too humiliating for *Nobody*, who, in consequence of the experience acquired in this hunt after a wife, began very shrewdly to surmize, that a handsome face, and a well-made person were two most abominable decoys and incentives to *cornuting* : in consequence of which, exercising true mental stoicism, he seriously argued with himself whether ugliness was not preferable to beauty, and deformity more desirable than symmetry in the married state ; for, said our hero, after all, woman is but woman, say what you will ; wherefore only put out the light, and then the ugly face becomes as fascinating as the pretty one : but, continued our acute logician, this is only a trivial portion of the weighty preponderance which I can throw into the scale ; for in selecting a deformed and hideous-



looking helpmate, I shall experience the supreme felicity of knowing that I have not any copartnership on the score of love, as the continence of my rib will be as safely guarded after as before the nuptials, by the repellant features and distorted carcase of my deary. Blessed with this assurance, I shall gaze around me with unshaken confidence, and smile at the cornuted thousands that salute mine eyes, from the haughty courtier crowned with the branching antlers of the stag, even to the Jerry Sneak tradesman, carrying the bull's horns on his devoted brow.

Conviction now flashed upon the brain of my hero; his thoughts were in a blaze, and without losing a moment he instantly set out in search of the ugliest woman he could find: occupied in this delightful

chace, he ogled with one-eyed and squinting fair ones ; hump-backed, and pigeon-chested maidens ; pot-bellied, and big bottomed damsels ; cheese-cutting, and bandy-legged misses ; yet none of these would satisfy his fancy ; since, in one and the same person he required a concatenation of these several excellencies.

Much has been stated upon the subject of Medecan proportion and beauty ; but I will take upon myself to assert, that our hero perceived there was as much difficulty in selecting complete ugliness and deformity, as the greatest voluptuary would do in his search after perfection of figure ; for if the face proved hideous, *Nobody* found that the person was prepossessing ; if a hump was on the back, the leg, foot, and ankle were beautiful ; or in case the sight of both eyes,

like those of the lobster, had a peculiar predilection for the nose, the hands and arms of the female so squinting were particularly well moulded: in short, after persevering in the research with indefatigable industry, *Nobody* discovered at length that by the divine ordinances of providence, no such thing as a complete ugly being exists in nature; for however externally all may appear imperfection, there may nevertheless be hidden graces; and no creature will deny that a good temper, and affable disposition will at all times compensate for a disagreeable exterior.

As matters then stood, and our hero wanting a wife too most dreadfully, what course could he pursue; but the selecting a female, who should approximate as near as possible to beauty's opposite; which either good luck or Cupid placed in his



way in the following manner: full of the doldrums, and overcome with the spleen at being so incessantly discomfited, our hero one day chanced to saunter through *Vinegar Yard*, when the violent screams of a suffering child arrested his attention, and dissipated the gloom that overpowered his senses. Happy screams!! Fortunate *Vinegar Yard*!! Ye gave for a time the jewel which was sought; but to my text: *Nobody*, turning his eyes, perceived that these exclamations issued from the lips of a child, who was at that instant receiving the stripes of a rod on the bare breech, from the keeper of a day-school; who was a spinster, and the very article framed to crown the wishes of our gallant, gay, and fascinating hero.

Chained to the earth stood *Nobody*, paralyzed with the magic spell; and how

could it possibly be otherwise, when his enquiring glances were greeted with club feet, bandy legs, pot belly, crooked back, a wide mouth, three grinders, and those of ebony complexion; symptoms of hair on the chin, approximating to a beard, immense proboscis, ruby-coloured at the tip; raven locks, and one eye that squinted most determinately, while the other, *aye there was the rub*, proved to be as peepers ought; and was moreover, friend, *a piercer*.

After this glowing description, can it for a moment be wondered at, that *Nobody* should make himself and his pretensions known to the object in question; that he should utter the language of soul-thrilling passion; and summon fate to cut short the thread of wearisome existence, should his passion meet no soft congenial return? such was in verity the extatic flow, that



burst from his burning head, ere this mistress of scholars could recover from the wonder that had taken possession of her senses; when, instead of any reciprocal proof of affection, Miss Crabapple, (for such was the spinster's name,) having never before heard a soft thing uttered in her whole life; and conceiving also that the intention of the love-bewildered *Nobody* was merely to turn her into ridicule, not only expressed herself with a pretty good share of feminine acrimony, but being accustomed to make good use of her hands, was in this instance fully determined that they should not grow rusty for want of practice; wherefore the tongue-clapper's volley was accompanied by a profusion of blows; and thus our impassioned hero beheld the cup of bliss presented to his lips, only to have it dashed incontinent from his eager grasp.



When once Cupid has you in his power, he never hurries himself to release you ; wherefore, like an expert jockey, he stuck firmly to *Nobody's* sconce, who, blind to every other sentiment, paraded day and night before the mansion of obdurate Miss Crabapple, till his wasted form and sunk eyes prompted the spinster to believe that there might have been some truth in his professions of tenderness ; in consequence of which, taking pity upon his wretched state, she tendered him the balm of consolation by freely confessing a reciprocity of heavenly passion ; but, alas ! the antidote was administered too late ; the burning salamander of love had scorched his brain to a powder ; incessant watchings had sunk the orbits of sight ; and ceaseless abstinence had withered up his skin like a piece of dried lemon-peel, strung up in the bar of an alehouse. It was, in short, all

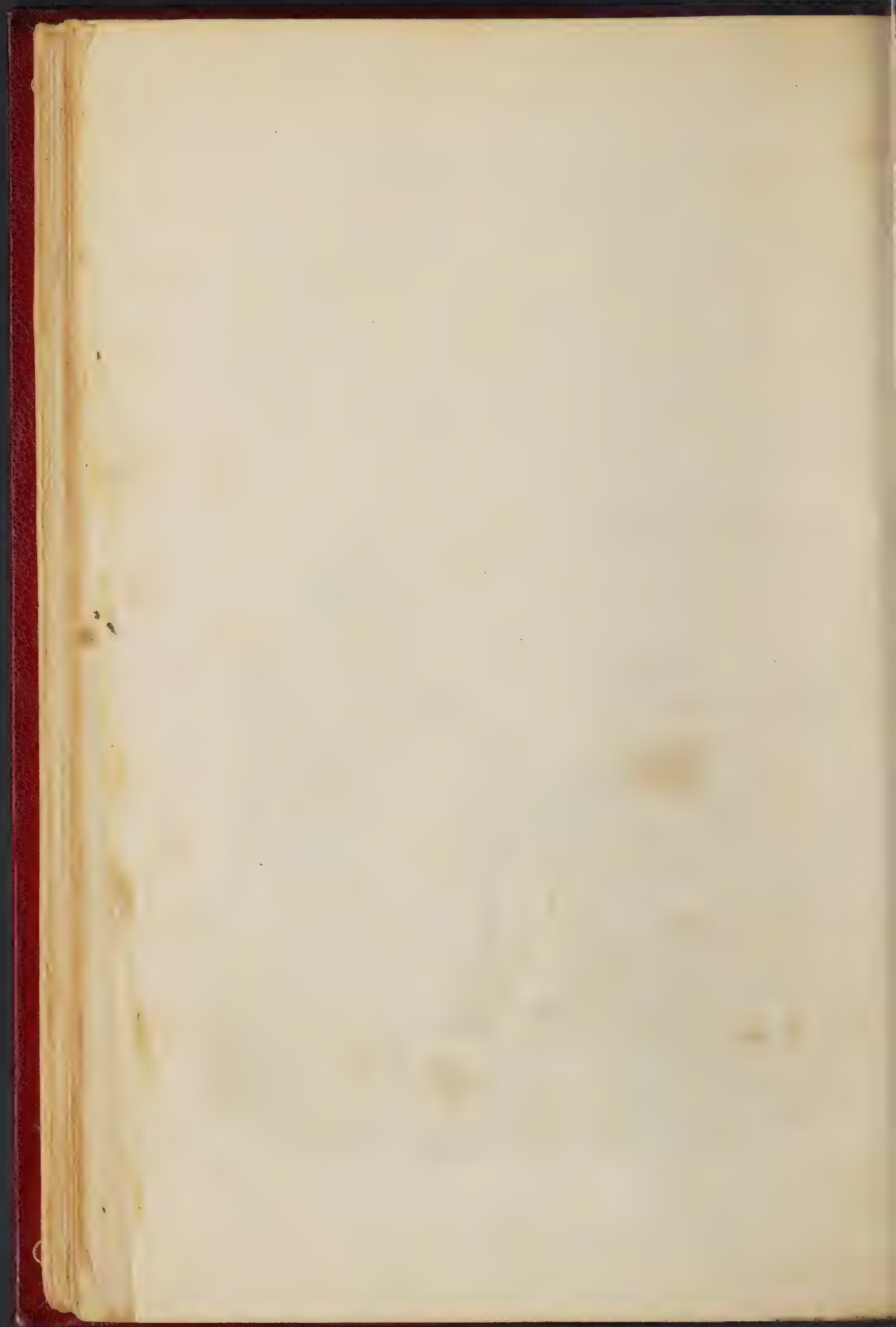
*Dicky* with our hero, who casting a last longing, lingering sheep's eye at the frantic Miss Crabapple, vented a most dolorous sigh, sure indication of his kicking the bucket, which actually took place at the same instant; whereby it was demonstrated that NOBODY DIES FOR LOVE!!!





*Nobody dies for Love.*





*Epitaph upon Nobody.*

HERE lies, to nothingness consigned,  
A phantom form and airy mind,  
Whose feats we mortals oft proclaim,  
And widely blazon forth his fame ;  
Who was, and is, ~~and~~ still shall last,  
When ages yet to come are past ;  
For while on earth shall wag a tongue,  
His deeds must flow from old and young :  
Since born of nothing he must be  
The monarch still, though NO-BO-DY.

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*Acrostic.*

N OTHING created shall inspire my verse,  
O stands for aught, so nothing I'll rehearse ;  
B y wind created, and by vapour fed,  
O ur sprite shall live when all beside are dead :  
D escribe the hero then that fires my lay,  
Y ou'll most resemble him when turn'd to clay.

THE END.

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*Directions for placing the Plates.*

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